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THE FIRE FIEND.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

Come more the Fire Fiend's direful power
Than ever before in the world's dark hour?
Once more his torch hath flamed its might
So fully that the morning's light
Had all the rest made needless?
And all this myriad wreck that stands
The work of the Fire Fiend's hands?
With anger and perfervency fraught.
Now sound his dreadful triumph strain!

A city smokes and smolders still
With the dull embers of his wrath;
But from each valley, plain and hill,
O'er the whole land, the heart and will
Of the whole world, in one vast thrill,
Act forward the deemed once more pale
Is brimmed with rescue; where the thirst
Of crowd among the distress lies,
Is who shall reach to succor first!

Ah, this is well! It stirs the heart
To know that in these hours of need,
Humanity's divinest part
Their genius in man's veins hath roused
Their souls with bitterness and hate,
Like one such human touch are freed
And scattered; that their enemets fill
With nothing but the will to aid;
And man, thank God, is godlike still!

THE FIRE SPREADERS;

OR,

The Burners of Chicago.

BY LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOOK," "RUDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLIFF-CAVE HAIR," "MARK HERRIN'S LUCK," "THE PATH AGAINST HAWLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A GIANT WICKEDNESS.

The great Northwest was ablaze!

There were fires in Michigan—fires in Wisconsin—fires in Illinois—fires in Iowa—fires in and beyond Kansas—fires all through the great woods, and over the great prairies!

Villages, four-corners and solitary farm-houses were alike smouldering in a common ruin.

The number of square miles which had been burnt over—the number of families which had been left homeless—the number of lives which had been lost—the number of cattle which had been destroyed—the number of bushels of wheat, corn, and potatoes which had been consumed—the daily loadings throughout the country reports of new fires!

The drouth had long been unexampled. The wells, like the mineral streams, were generally dry. The meadows and pastures looked as if scorched with a hot iron. The ploughed fields appeared actually baked. The forests were like tinder. The least spark withering. The air was so parched as an ash lump. And the sun, day after day, week after week, month after month, shone down unshorn, but with the ashy hollow of still greater suns being nearer or impending, as if a veil had been lifted preparatorily upon the coming doom of Chicago.

The early afternoon of Monday, the 9th of August of the memorable year we have introduced, still—still drawing to a close, when a man of some three and twenty years might have been seen reclining by the roadside in a heavy section of country, not far from the village of Peshtigo, in Oconto county, Wisconsin, north of Milwaukee, and not far from the village of Beerville.

He was looking intently at a few dollars' worth in "postage currency," which he had several days previous received for prompt benefits him.

An expression of the deepest discontent and disgust had clouded his features.

The man was Wall Underbee, Esq.

He was a native of the second village of Beerville, where he had been born in humble circumstances. He had been reared to hard work, but had received a fair education. He had been a mule driver on the tow-path, a bar tender, a farm laborer, a soldier, a clerk in a grocery, and a lumber-man, and had toiled for his bread in various other capacities, the details of which would be insisted and tiresome. He had reached man's estate with a good constitution, and had entered life with a temper positively inclined to evil. He was mostly built, and as sizable as strong. His features were not regular or uniform in some, but were strongly and sinisterly marked, announcing a mind and heart composed only of the most violent passions.

His entrance at the moment was sufficiently striking.

He was in a shirt and pantaloons, the former begrimed with dirt and sweat, and exhibiting several holes which had been made by fire; the latter made of cotton and poor in material, besides being greatly the worse for wear. He had a coat over his arm, which, with his hat, lay upon the ground near him. His hair was matted and tangled, and sundry fragments of straw therein suggested that he had been in a barn recently. Upon an under-lip fled of that material, the complexion was fiery red, and the eyes, always wild, fiery, and fear-feeling now rendered it livid. He was, in fact, a prey to a profound agitation.

And this is all I have to show for the last four weeks' work!" he brought in a tone of savage impatience, as he ran his glances rapidly over the money. "Not much for being tossed and good-natured! So much for being a friend to everybody! So much for it! It looks indefinable as if I were somebody's fool! In these four weeks I have helped seven a dozen dwellings and barns—have been chiefly instrumental in saving the whole village of Beerville, having been the first to discover the flames—and have risked my life again and again as freely as if it were worth a cent! This is my reward—the enormous sum of four dollars and seventy-five cents!"

He crushed the money into a ball, and thrust it into his pocket, with a face as black as a thunder-cloud; but suddenly his whole aspect changed—his grim features relaxing, his eyes kindling viciously, and a smile of wolfish satisfaction parting his lips.

"But all these experiences have their uses," he added. "They've given me an idea."

He drew from his pocket a box of matches, to which his gaze turned with the same intensity as his previously bestowed upon his money.

"To think of the power that lies in that little box!" he resumed enthusiastically. "A single one of these matches, could I develop its full powers, would burn up the world! It takes away my breath to realize what great ends I can accomplish with these simple instruments. How they can be used to minister to my ease and luxury! How well they will avenge me for the scantiness of money! How certainly they can be made to wait upon my revenge!

"Revenge—it is the sweetest thing in life. So sprang lightly to his feet, as if about to take revenge from his own enemy upon his walk down the road. Before he could move further, however, the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his hearing, and his gaze soon encountered a begrimed figure, very much like his own, which had come into view around a sharp bend in the road only a few rods distant.

"Ah, it's really you, Tripler!" he saluted, as the latter came nearer.

"Yes. Wall, as you see. The surprise is mutual."

The couple shook hands cordially and addressed to the nearest fence, taking refuge from the fierce rays of the sun in the somewhat scant shade afforded by a large tree.

The new-comer was named Tripler Shott, and was a native of Beerville, and had been the fire-bug in character and disposition as Underbee. He had come to Beerville from the same country during the war, and had worked side by side in several civil employments. Like Underbee, Shott had the reputation of being "a good worker." Like Underbee, too, Shott was regarded with evil suspicions. They were, in fact, a well-matched pair.

"I was afraid I shouldn't see you again very soon," continued Tripler Shott. "I've got a bad burn in putting out old Wigley's barn."

"And I, Tal," returned Wall Underbee, with a fierce curse, as he exhibited a large scar upon his right shoulder. "Fired my barn, burned from my back, and a flaming joist which fell upon me sent knocked me down and the rest. And what was my reward from old Wigley? A check for a hundred and fifty per, and a two-dollar greenback!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Tripler. "Old Lawton served me the same day," declared Shott, with a wrathful glance. "I didn't lose a hundred and fifty per, or a cent, but I was at Lawton's nearly all day, and I worked like a nigger, carrying out and taking care of the household effects—for we couldn't save his house know—and when everything was set to rights, he dismissed me with thanks. Not a cent would he give me, although he believed enough to have paid me handsomely.

"They're all alike," affirmed Underbee bitterly. "Just think how Judge Roper treated me. I fought fire for him three days and nights, helping him save several hundred acres of woodland, and he didn't give me a cent. He seemed to think himself entitled to our services for nothing in such a season of fire, and I believe he considered me a fool for me, Tripler. I've put out my last fire. That's what I've got by it."

"I was working for Shott."

"Can you get any work to do?"

"Only the worst. I've been doing—putting out fires for nothing. I've been looking in vain several days for a job."

"Well, how long are you going to continue this sort of existence?"

Not a minute longer. I was just saying to myself when you came in sight that I'd be off and another fire for anybody."

"Well, would you like to change things?"

Underbee looked at his interlocutor, his eyes full upon his companion, in a long and searching scrutiny. As soon as he found he had gains with me for a few weeks, with the certainty of money at the end?"

Tripler Shott looked straight at Underbee, and his eyes met those of his friend.

"I believe I can know what I am," said he quietly. "Let's have your ideas."

"For my part," said Underbee, "I've resolved to change my whole life from this hour forward. From being poor and helpless, I am going to become rich and powerful. I must and will have money. I want the power that money alone can bring. I've marched and countermarched at the word of command as long as I'm going to. From this hour forward, I'm going to be my own master, and I begin with starting in funds and in new outfit. I'm going to place myself in such a position as to live without work—as to go and come at my own option and pleasure. I'm going to turn upon all my annoyances, upon all my enemies—"

"Your every thought is mine," breathed Shott eagerly. "I'd join you in everything. How is the thing to be accomplished?"

"I'll tell you. Because of working for others, we must work for ourselves. It is not best that we should work, but what we can get out of others. Instead of putting out fires for Tom, Dick and Harry, without a dollar a few for our own benefit, instead of being fire extinguishers, we must be fire spreaders. Instead of pulling obstentuse out of the fire for others, like the ass in the fable, we must save them for ourselves."

"That is to say—we must turn incendiaries."

"Exactly. This season of public distress is our private opportunity. Instead of putting out fires for nothing, we must kindle a few in places where they will pay. A few thousands or less will attract no attention now-a-days. For instance, would Tal Lawton be surprised if his barn should burn this afternoon?"

"No, he wouldn't. He's afraid it will burn, and, having met the example, I should not be rather expects the barn to follow the house. Besides, he's got a big crop in it, and is in a perfect fever of fear. Half the men present believe—or at least fear—that the world is about to be burned up altogether, in accordance with Scripture. The old parson at Beerville preached a sermon to that effect yesterday."

"Good. I see that you are posted. You realize that we can fire as many buildings as we please, and have fallen under suspicion? It's very true because these times, when fires are confined to no particular locality, men are fearfully aroused then.

"Let's go down to Lawton's," proceeded Underbee thoughtfully. "Possibly it might pay. Possibly I may have a chance to present an example. A minute's action is better than an hour's talk, Tripler."

With those words, Underbee leaped to his feet, and, with his companion, set out for old Lawton's, which was in plain sight, scarcely a mile distant, in a retired situation, on the edge of a considerable tract of woods.

"All right," said Shott, as he followed his leader. "If no one is around—and we can soon know—and when everything but Lawton seems a little. He's treated me shamefully."

No further word was uttered until the couple had gained the edge of the woods adjacent to the farm in question—a large and well-arranged structure, nearly new.

"Lawton is away—to Milwaukee, or some where," then said Shott. "He's gone to look after his insurance money, for his house."

"And his folks?" queried Underbee, a little uneasily, as he halted his feet at the edge.

"They're staying at his brother's."

"How far away is it?" "A mile and a half to the brother's. No man is around, so I see."

"Not a soul. Why should they be? Lawton's home stood quite by itself. He owns several hundred acres of land, and has a fine crowd him. Stay—there comes young Law ton!"

A youth had indeed come suddenly into view from around the corner of the house, a wood-pile, and was making his way toward the barn.

The couple whispered Underbee and Shott, watched him. He has come to feed and water his horses," said the latter darkly, you see.

The youth gained the barn and entered it, remaining twelve or fifteen minutes. Then he emerged, and walked slowly off in the direction he had vanished in the direction from which he had come.

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"Now's your chance, Underbee," whispered Shott smilingly. "His chores in this quarter are done for the night. We'll take a step or two nearer—in fact, visit the barn. It may be well, under the circumstances. Besides, we must make a beginning somewhere. As well now as a year hence. Come."

They gained the barn unseen. The doors were not locked or bolted.

"They're the cheapest and poorest, of course," said Underbee with a wolfish smile, as he examined the padlocks. "Lawton always saves at the spigot. It would be almost impossible to find a key that wouldn't unlock these things."

ALLIS AMES SURPRISED AT THE APPROACH OF WALL UNDERBEE.

The first key he tried of a bunch he possessed the fastening.

The two men entered the barn.

Wall Underbee, after looking around a few moments, stepped toward the horses.

"Ah, there's a splendid span!" he exclaimed. "Two thousand dollars, if a cent! Lawton has long been offered that sum for them, and Lawton long hundred dollars."

"Here's a good domestic wagon," continued Underbee. "Here's also a good deal of harness and a single one."

He took a look out of doors, reflected a moment, and added:

"We'll harness the horses, Tripler."

"Yes, while they are eating?"

"Yes, while they are eating. I'm sorry we haven't the horses, dark. But it would be a good deal safer than to drive them from the field where we completely that our work could be found in the ashes—no fire, no anything."

"You are determined, then—"

"Well, yes, we may as well make a little raid on Beecher Lawton. It'll get our hands in. I'll pay him for not paying you. Help me on with these harness."

The horses were soon harnessed, and Underbee then secured a bag of oats, some blankets, etc.

"Load 'em into the woods," said Shott. "We'll lock the door and go back to the woods."

They did so immediately.

"We'll wait here until the horses are done eating—until it is dark, in fact," observed Underbee.

The couple accordingly waited, but not long. Darkness soon fell, and the moon rose in heavily around them.

"We can move now," whispered Underbee. He took a look at the barn, entered, and brought out the horses.

"Lead them into the woods," said Underbee, "to the turn that takes us to the gully. We'll go no further."

Shott hurried away with the horses, as directed, and Underbee entered the barn.

"Five liters is nothing when it comes to be metered, with a final gauge," he said. "But I'll bet that there's so much hay here. I'll be a rousing old fire. Lawton won't be in the least astonished to find that not the least bone of his horses if left in the ashes."

He moved into the darkness, and struck a match. He then applied the fire would be extinguished, and then he lighted a bunch of matches from his pocket.

"Sweet, sweet!" he muttered, as he watched the kindling he slipped from the barn, padlocked the door, and hurried away in the direction taken by Shott.

"Where now?" asked the latter, as Underbee joined him.

"We'll ride fifty miles before morning on the horses," replied Underbee, "and then leave them, as he sprang upon one of the horses. "Get on behind me, and we'll ride double."

Shott did so, and the couple started off at a rapid gallop, they were "surprised" by fear.

The following morning, that Lawton's barn had gone the way of his house, and that his valuable horses and everything else upon the premises had been consumed in the flames.

"They were much better it to be a fire kindler than a fire extinguisher," observed Underbee as they walked, about a week subsequent to the scene of destruction. "We've had a good deal of sport, and made a few dollars a day, and it wasn't worth while an opening either. I wouldn't undertake another like it. There's too much risk in it for the money—too much trouble. I burnt Lawton's barn merely by way of a beginning. Don't suppose that I shall look as low again as barn burning. We can do better."

"How?" asked Shott.

"Why, we'll burn houses, stores, and all sorts of buildings whereon lots of men goods are piled up. We'll burn in the cities. There's to it home at Wigley's, for example. Wigley tre. ted me about as meanly as Lawton treated you, Tripler, and yet Wigley is worth a hundred thousand dollars. His place is real silver, and his desk is lined with greenbacks and government bonds."

"Indeed!" Shott's eyes glittered. "In this case, I should think it would be well for us—"

"Exactly. Wigley will blaze to-night! He'll be burnt out, and the whole town will believe it was accidental. As soon as it gets well under way, we'll yell like maniacs to wake up the family—for, of course, we don't want them to perish. The moment they rush out of the house we'll slip in. I know where the plate is kept, as well as where the old man's desk is situated, and we'll soon put the finishing touches."

"Because of Mr. Wigley was burned in accordance with this programme. The booty was not so large as the incendiaries had expected, owing to the fact that Mr. Wigley kept his bonds at his banker's, but they secured over a thousand dollars in money, and a large quantity of plate.

"You see that we are flourishing," said Underbee to Shott, the following morning, after they had put a yard to flame, in company with their neighbors. "These two fires have come to us in the way of business. We'll continue the thing—I'll plunder before burning, and burn to hide the plundering. A good fire, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins."

"Yes, and at this rate we shall soon be able to seek a wider field of operations," said Shott—"in fact, remove to Chicago."

"Exactly, Tripler. We shall bring up in Chicago eventually. We can do tremendous things in Chicago."

The next eight days were spent in the neighborhood of the two named above, and at the end of that time Underbee and Shott were possessed of over three thousand dollars in money, besides considerable silver ware, watches, jewelry, and other valuables.

The next thing for us is to buy a store, commence business, and open a bank," said Underbee to his confederate. "We'll buy it where we're not known, and I'll give you security for the money. That is the way it is done in the times of panic; paying three or four times as much down, and the balance on easy mortgages."

A couple of days sufficed to carry out this scheme. The couple secured a residence that was handsomely furnished and outmansized, so to speak, for the purposes of Underbee.

"All this is glorious," remarked Underbee, after he had escorted Shott over the spacious apartments for an hour. "Eh, Tripler?"

"Yes, with prospects of more."

"But, Tripler— There is a 'but,' you see."

"What is it?"

Tripler being satisfied, gave a moment in which to think of love. There is a little girl back here in the west, with whom I have long been desperately smitten. The busy crowd of the past few days have prevented me from saying anything about her, but I've thought of her daily, and my wishes and is now up in arms to see her again. If you'll accompany me to Beerville, I'll go and see her, then you'll be sure to have no more away from her. It's these girls that bring ruin on men—these girls with their pretty faces and hearts. But go. I will write for you here."

Underbee left the room, and Shott made an elaborate toilet and took his departure.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST BLOW AT HAPPINESS.

A little old log-house stood in the edge of the forest, at three miles' distance from that which the Northwest is distinguished.

It was a dreary, dismal, and lonely shelter stood a little old woman, who was peering out of the door, as the last rays of sunlight, combined with the smoke of great fires, hovered over the forests.

The house and clearing were singularly in keeping with each other.

The house had stood in that lonely spot many a long year, and was far advanced in decay. Its walls were full of chinks, its roof of leaks. One whole side of it had settled down like a hen upon her nest, and two windows were quite sunk.

The clearing was small and thin and trembling, looking indeed as if a good wind would blow her away. Her sight had evidently failed her, judging by the way in which she shaded her eyes with her hand and contracted her brows, as she peered out upon the surrounding woods. Her strength was nearly gone, too, judging by her bent form upon a rough staff. Her hair was white and thin, and her features had the look of extreme old age, combined with great suffering.

"Allie! Allie!" she called, in a shrill, unsteady voice. "Where are you, child? Allie? Allie?"

But a feeble echo responded.

Strange where that child can be," sighed the old woman to herself, as she turned to her supposed to her. The woods must be full of fire, and she ought to be here.

She called again, more shrilly than before, but no feeble echo answered.

"Allie must have gone to the well, I would because of me, if she should be burned in the house," she muttered, as she turned to enter. "I should be burned alive in her absence."

She turned her eyes in search of that the old woman hastened to call again, with the accustomed echo, but was cut short by approaching the wildest agonizers.

Her face was instantly suffused by a deep crimson flush, and she stood, as near and close and bird-like, and trilling with joy and life.

The next moment a girl appeared from the shadow of the woods, and, with a cry, threw the little yard with elastic tread. Her arms were full of wild flowers, and her cheeks and lips were like rose-buds.

She was clad in cheap cotton garments, and her feet were bare, but she was the very life and light of that fresh sweet face.

"I've been gone longer than I intended, I see more weeks than usual," she said, with an elaborate toilet and took his departure.

"Here I am, Annie," she cried. "I am sorry to have made you anxious."

"It's all right now, dear," said the old woman, taking a seat, and seeming to dismiss all fear from her face. "I was afraid the loss of life or sight of that fresh sweet face.

"I've been gone longer than I intended. I saw more weeks than usual," she said, with an elaborate toilet and took his departure.

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rection to see if the woods were on fire," explained the young girl.

"And were they?"

"No, Auntie. At least I could see nothing of any fire."

"It's all right now, dear," repeated the old woman, with a sigh of relief. "I got a little wild with thinking what would become of each of us, if anything should happen to the other. How could I live without you, dear? Wasn't a good little girl you have been! How much you have worked and studied, and taken in sewing!"

"But, but, Auntie," interrupted the young girl, throwing her arms around the old woman's neck and kissing her tenderly, "you know that I've only done what little I could to repay the great debt I shall always owe you. Have you not always been so good to me as if you were my own mother? Did you not depend upon my education all the five years of dear Wallace you had saved before your marriage——"

"Hush, now, dear," interrupted the old woman, with moistening eyes. "I can't have you talking that I've done for you. Heaven knows I haven't done a tenth of what I would have liked to do. You were such a dainty little mite when my husband brought you here, that I loved you at sight, and I've loved you more and more every day since. Your mother was my only child, and as I always believe coddling, I got a little wild with thinking. Are you not the only remaining member of all I have told you about yourself, and about myself and my husband, if anything were to happen unexpectedly to me?

"Oh, yes, Auntie; I shall never forget any of these things," answered Allie. "But you must not be so nervous and worried. Mr. Wilkens will be back one of these days, and he may bring us some good news."

"I fear I shall never see Jack again, and I do, I don't care for my money he may bring. What I would like him to do is to tell me that you are, and who your parents are, and how he came by you. Jack was with me for many years younger than I am, and it would be hard and unkind of us to tell, I think, that a marriage came about. He was a sailor, and as I have told you before, I was not too old myself to be an handsome picture, and somehow I must have been charming enough for Jack, with his bright eyes and earnest words, that he loved me to distraction and implored me to marry him. It came out afterward, as to be sure, that Jack knew of my little savings, and my having quarrelled about some petty matter, for he wanted me to give him all I had to start in business. I only laughed at such a ruse, and all that is gone by now. It is no matter how I've been punished for it, for after the death of your mother, and for a time I was reasonably happy. We came here and bought this place, and Jack worked at farming one summer, but the old sea fever got hold of him, and nothing would do but he going to sea again. The country all about here was then a howling wilderness, and I should I had to be left here alone, but what could I do? Jack would not take me with him. When he came back, you were a baby of three. That was a little more than fourteen years ago, and you are seventeen, dear. I've said at first that you were an orphan, but he soon fell to contradicting me. Jack was a sharp with him, and he finally declared that you were named Allie Jones, and that you were a rich man's daughter, and that he'rich man's daughter, and that he'rich and would be back before the year was out after the death of your mother, and take your uncle and aunt wanted you got rid of, so that they couldn't squander your father's money. Jack said you'd be a prize to us, but I questioned him as closely as I could without him so much, that he went away the very next day after buying you from your aunt, and from that day to this I have never seen or heard anything of Jack."

"We'll talk of this matter again, dear," interrupted Allie, starting suddenly and drawing herself up as if she were anticipating a fearful shock. "Here comes that odious Wall Underhee."

The person named had indeed entered the premises, and was driving near with a jaunty and self-satisfied air.

"Good-morning, Miss Ames. Good-evening, Mrs. Wilkens," said he, in his smoothest voice, as he lifted his hat, and bowed himself from one to the other.

They returned his salutation coldly, and Allie drew herself up, as if about to retire into the house.

"I am spotting the woods near here, to be sure that no fire gets the start of us," continued Underhee, coming instantly, and as naturally came this way to see if you are home, Miss Allie. I've a word to say to Mrs. Wilkens, and hope you'll excuse me for making the air still more sultry and oppressive, Allie. I trouble you, Miss Ames, for a drink of water?"

She got him a tumbler of water, which Underhee received with those reiterated thanks and needless apologies of consummate insincerity.

"Your eyes are quite well, Miss Ames?" he said to her, as he gave back the tumbler, and fixed his infernal eyes upon her for a moment of his base admiration.

"I am—thank you."

"Can I not have a few moments conversation with you?"

"Upon what subject, sir?"

"Upon the subject in which I have so often tried to interest you—my love for you."

"No, sir. I do not wish to talk with you upon that subject, or any other. Please leave us, Mr. Underhee. I have told you over and again that your attentions are in the highest degree offensive to me. And I beg that you not to trouble me with your presence again."

Indeed! Well, the road is open to everybody, I believe—"

He had better use it then, and immediately.

She got turned, with this sharp rejoinder, to enter the house, but Underhee caught her roughly by the arm.

"These fine airs won't go down with me," he said harshly. "You shall hear what I have to say to you. I'm not to be instilled by a little impertinent upstart girl."

A brief struggle followed—desperate on the part of the girl, determined and brutal on the part of Underhee.

Two circumstances restrained the girl from calling for assistance.

She was too proud to make such a confession of weakness, and she hadn't the heart to have any one's responding to a call for help, the distance to the nearest neighbors being nearly two miles, and the lonely road that passed, but seldom having a traveler upon it.

Help came unexpectedly.

The space in front of the cabin was suddenly crossed by a swift-moving figure, and Wall Underhee was seized and flung backward several yards in a very unceremonious manner, and a strong arm was thrown around Allie, supporting her tenderly.

"Jack!" cried the girl, with a shriek she found it impossible to suppress.

The new comer was indeed Jack Wilkens, and he looked fearfully himself at that exciting moment, when all the great qualities of his soul seemed called into action. His name was Paul Sidney, and his age about twenty. He was clerk in Wilkens's Bank, a large saw-mill upon a considerable stream emptying into Lake Michigan, about a mile distant from the river's mouth, and the fifty or sixty men employed in the saw-mill were under his superintendence. It is only necessary to add that this profitable and considerable situation, for a youth of his years, had not been acquired without its being deserved, and without the possession of the necessary qualities to fill it worthily.

Paul was an orphan. Since his tenth year every dollar he had handled had been earned by himself. He had attended a common school several winters, and had even spent two terms in a flourishing commercial college of Chicago, enlarging his knowledge and capabilities a great deal, but in the same ratio depleting his hard-earned savings. Still boyish in appearance and in heart, he had the strength and the sense and wholesomeness of a man.

His few moments were spent by our boys in the most delightful way. Paul had not seen Allie for months, and confidingly in his heart and by the end of this time Underhee had gathered himself up and assumed the natural state of rage that seemed to threaten a speedy termination in apoplexy.

Oh, curse you, Paul Sidney!" he hissed fiendishly, as he encountered all the forces from a murderous struggle. "I told you, a year ago, that you were to keep off the premises of Palmer's estate, and that if you ever crossed my path you'd rue it. Now you shall!"

And down he went.

His hand flew to a concealed weapon.

"Don't, Underhee, don't!" in a voice even calmer than it was stern. "Don't draw any weapon upon me, Wall Underhee, or you are a dead man! I carry the tools for just such work as you've been at, and you will I have time to use them. Take that hand away from your breast pocket, sir, or I'll fire!"

The hand of the would-be assassin dropped to his side, but he only foamed the more by reason of the restraint than put upon him.

"Oh, you can swagger, Paul Sidney," said he, flourishing his fists. "But if it were not for the presence of a lady, I'd make you a dead dog on the spot—"

"Out upon the presence of the lady," interrupted Paul, advancing quickly toward his enemy, and with a movement so full of the imminence of fight, now backwardly, that Underhee pleased, on the contrary, to see for the once, received your just deserts!"

As he spoke, he picked up a large limb of some wind-fallen tree, and began whittling with which Allie had just brought in her load of chicken manure, and was now engaged in the remove of blows with the formidable instrument, Underhee retreated in confusion from Wall Underhee.

It was in vain that the chastised villain sought to rally his courage by repeated declaring this way and that, by raising his arms defiantly, and by many other gestures, to show his sense his arm. Moving slowly around his persistent, and, according to his own showing, cautious the treasures in kind, our hero continued to advance upon him, and the latter, in the presence of the lady, was obliged to retreat.

"And now you can get back," said Paul, with a fearful look of scorn, "for the days are to never visit this place again, or at the risk of your worthless life. Don't even attempt pain of a repetition of this punishment. Away with you!"

For one moment Wall Underhee hesitated, seemed about to speak, but only shook his fist at him, and his whole frame snarling with rage, he turned and walked away with a slow, strong tread, as if determined that no one should draw his revolver, and then add there contempt for him. But Paul Sidney remained carefully a coward, and to fight an equal or a person of inferior strength was a thing he utterly avoided from his youth up. He accordingly let the foe go, and "conquered" without a blow.

"Very well—I go, sir" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "But my time will come, Mr. Paul Sidney! I wish you and your fair friend a very pleasant afternoon, sir!"

He stalked away rapidly, as he finished these remarks, and was soon lost to the view of the young couple in the adjacent forest.

"That man is a demon!" murmured Allie, shuddering. "I am glad he is gone, and I am right sorry—"

"He belongs to the barking breed of dogcurses—and will never bite you, Allie," interrupted Paul, with a laugh that came from his heart. He did not long remain.

"He almost sprained my wrist, I think. But it is soon all right."

"There have been so many alarms about fire, Paul, that I've been afraid to send the figure to be sent to you," said Allie, with a wrapt admiration and affection over which Underhee had no power. "I thought I would have for a few minutes and see if you and Auntie were safe. I arrived in the midst of scenes. But what was that villain driving at, Paul?"

"He got mad because I ordered him away from the house, and that I pelted him with him to ever show himself here again. He has been a bad man, Allie, and I've known it for years, and I am glad that I have received here lately has made him desperate."

"You would him just right," declared Mrs. Wilkens, appearing in the door-way. "But, Paul, you must come in. I've a word to say to to see the light."

"There is no fight, Auntie," returned Paul lightly, as he pressed the old woman's hand affectionately, and kissed her cheek with the utmost tenderness of devotion. "I have you been since I was born?"

"All kinds, my dear boy—all kinds," replied Mrs. Wilkens, sinking heavily into a rustic chair, and looking at the young lives around us are scaring me to death. I don't know what I should do if you were to catch."

"I am master's be alarmed, Auntie," said our hero, with a smile. "You've got me to look after know, and I keep a good look-out in the direction. The trouble is that you cannot take fire without my knowing it."

"Well you have—"

"Thank you—on. Allie has already asked me. I can stay but a few moments, for I've got to watch right and day at the mill, you know. Have you any word to send Underhee? I don't want to be all my own for I do not feel like being low-down to him."

"Well, some other time, dear. I'm glad that you are always welcome."

"Thank you. Is there anything I can do for you—anything you want from the village?"

"Nothing, my dear boy, except to see Mr. Wilkens, and draw Allie a few yards away.

"Auntie, you're getting nervous. I'm very deep feeling. I has decided me to say to night what I had intended saying to you to-day. I'm very dear to me, Allie—the realization of all my hopes and ambitions. I love you, and I want to be all my own for I do not feel like being low-down to Wall Underhee."

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"Well, what success?" interrupted Allie, as he drew her toward the forest-path.

"I will—if you want me!" the sweet voice fluttered, as a sort of laughing shame struggled up into his face. "You know that I love you, Allie—"

How sweet was that avowal—how joyous that assurance!

Too do not, of course, mean an early marriage, Paul?" she asked.

"Of course not."

"I am very young."

"And I have my fortune to make before we can marry," avowed Paul gravely. "It's time that you should know that I've set myself to marry before a young man has laid up a snug sum, and I've done it. I've been saving for years on of course. But I wanted to know that you loved me."

"And I wanted the encouragement of knowing that you were to marry me, Paul. Now we are old enough to marry, and when I have earned a little home worthy of you, I'll be you. And how I want one thing more: I want you and Auntie to come down near the mills to live, where you will be near me, and I will be near you. I've so exposed to danger when you are here in the woods."

The girl reflected a moment.

"There is a nice little cottage to be had near Mrs. Hargrake's," added Paul, "and I am sure Auntie will be pleased with the change."

"Yes, she will be," avowed Allie. "She has spoken repeatedly of it—my such a step."

"You will move down—or the mills, then?"

"Yes, we will. I know Auntie's mind as well that I am sure I can give you this promise."

A thousand tender things were said by the lovers, as they paced slowly to and fro in front of the door, from which Mrs. Wilkens looked out benignantly and approvingly upon them.

But when Paul's "few hours" of delightfulness ran hours, and the night had fully set in, he bore himself away with many injunctions for Allie's safety and comfort, and hurried to his post of duty.

His footsteps had scarcely ceased to echo in the forest, when Mrs. Wilkens and Allie closed and barred the door.

"Now, Auntie, dear," my guard against Underhee is complete, and she, in explanation of this prompt movement.

That night, and the next, and the next, the evening passed at the little cabin as usual. Mrs. Wilkens knitted, and Allie reading her to sleep; after which the young girl withdrew to her own chamber.

For a long time after going to bed she mused upon the wonderful hours preceding, but she finally sank into that sweet and sound slumber which is the privilege of youth and innocence.

The evening had passed away, and the still hour of midnight had arrived, when Wall Underhee slipped noiselessly from the cover of the forest, and crept around the lonely dwelling.

No sound could be listened intently.

"They're asleep," he then muttered. "All the little brats—and she at one end of the house was quite a quantity of dry wood, and I'll be bound I can get a fine conflagration started under the floor!"

"The very thing!" he brushed, after looking around him, and gathering some.

He gathered several handfuls of the more inflammable material, and placed it in a heap, and then drew his box of matches from his pocket.

"Ready! and all is done!" said he to himself softly.

Another moment he kindled a flame, applied his match to the combustibles, and the fire ran up the wall and down the sides of the woods, where he lighted and waited, like a tiger scenting his prey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON THE VERGE.

BY ALICE STARR.

"What! pressing to marry you, and then have it boasted about that you refused me? Why, you must be crazy! I'll never be your bondsman's comb? No, indeed, Mr. Winsted, I don't care to find myself in the position of a fool!" he cried angrily.

But, Ralph, I thought you said you loved me!" he pleaded.

"Well, I did, but I've changed my mind, and I don't choose to be made a laughing-stock of by you, and so I tell you plainly!" he answered, coldly.

"Then you do not love me?" she said, in a low, sad voice.

"Bah! I've told you that I have

'TIS WELL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

A far-off music faded into air,
A half-formed vision mocked me for an hour,
Came to me for a moment's fragrance then
As of some heavenly flower.

'Tis well the music came not nearer still:
'Tis well the vision died ere fully born:
'Tis well the perfume faded into air—
For I clasped to my heart the rose's thorn;

'Tis well no closer vision met my eyes;
'Tis well no closer interest my heart you grew;
Better to lose a joy just something
Than, having had, lose you.

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE CLARKE FAMILY," "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "LIGHT AND DARK," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

THE ESCAPE.

Upon that eventful Saturday night, while Darrel Moor and Grimrod, the movements of his later unknown to his former, were speeding toward the Cypresses, with the fell purpose of murder in their hearts, a grave and unaccountable dread settled down like a dense black pall upon the soul of young Honor Glint. She grew uneasy even before the night fell. A vague, hideous suspicion, an effort warns sensitive people of an impending danger, caused her to start suddenly up to a terror-like forehead, and then sink into dread and gloom while no reasoning could dispel it.

Miss Bing brought up a frugal supper of fresh candles, and a tray of food, about dusk, although day and night were alike beauty to her to the young prisoner in her darkened chamber. The woman returned to her kitchen and Honor drank her tea and ate her dry toast, and paced her floor restlessly.

Miss Bing came up a little later for the tray, but she did not fail to mark the unusual nervous agitation.

Somehow you seem to feel your imprisonment most, Miss, just as it is about to end," said the spinster familiarly. "I shall set you free on Monday, and you can lead another wedmarried like that at any time since you came here."

Are you sure that Darrel Moor will release me on Monday?" asked the young girl, abruptly.

Of course I'm sure. Why should he detain you here, when you have committed no crime him? His first wife is dead, and if he married Miss Fjord to-day it would be perfectly legal. He will want you to promise that he shall not be troubled by imprisoning you, and he will write me to exact such a promise, and to let you go. He won't leave his new bride to come here, you may be sure. He has no longer any fear of you, Miss. So you're certain to be free on Monday."

Miss Bing laughed, and carried the girl's tray gleefully. "I will make a present to you that I will never seek to harm Darrel Moor. I have money in my pocket—only a few—but fifty pounds to release me to night."

The woman was visibly tempted, but she resisted the temptation, shaking her head in the negative.

I'll tell Mr. Moor of your offer, and he'll make it worth your while," the girl said, as she went on talking. Here you are, trying to betray till I have orders to release you. You shouldn't dare to do anything but as I may order, seeing that Watson would never forgive me if anything went wrong. I must go down stairs now. Where is your knife I brought up on the tray? Oh, I see it. I have to look sharp for the knives since that breakfast knife disappeared from your room. Where is it, now?"

Honor had left it in the pocket of her dress, and she had forgotten it in the excitement of her thoughts.

It is in my pocket," she said, "and I will return it to you."

"I can't make it worth your while to betray me to herself that to Honor. I'll take a fresh look in the pantry."

She gathered up the tray and departed, locking the door behind her.

Honor was left in the grim solitude, which was peopled only by the shapeless terrors crowding upon her. For hours she walked the floor or sat before her fire, but she felt no impulses to sleep, and made no movement toward retiring.

The unaccountable high her kitchen fire-place and took possession of one of the chairs before it, settles, and doned in the warmth and firelight. A about half-past nine o'clock, the ring of a tired horse's hoofs was heard on the paved way leading from the highway to the back door of the house, and a horse was ridden sharply around to the rear hall door, and a slamdersome rap was given upon the old brass knocker.

Miss Bing sprang up with a start, and went to the door. She opened it cautiously and looked out.

The night was not dark, there was it very light. The stars were shining, and objects could be distinctly seen, as the spinster saw a several rods. Miss Bing beheld upon her doorstep a tall, half-grown lad, whose bridle rein hung over his arm.

"What's wanted?" she demanded sharply. "Is this the Cypresses?" asked the lad.

Miss Bing replied in the affirmative, and continued only these words:

"I am on my way to see you. Don't discharge that person upon any account, nor for any consideration whatever."

Miss Bing puzzled over this message a few moments, still remembering the lad on the steps, she produced a shilling from her pocket and cautiously reopening the rear door, beckoned upon him the graphic lad, and told him that no answer was required. He leaped into his saddle and rode away, and the woman returned to the kitchen.

There's something mysterious about this message," the woman thought. "Something is in the wind, and I'll pick it out before it's easy. But what should he come here for? Not that he should be come here for, I can't understand the mystery. I'll go up and talk it over with Miss Glint."

She mounted the stairs and admitted herself into Honor's room. The girl was walking still across the floor when Miss Bing passed as the inner entered, a faint ray of hope brightening Honor's young face.

Have you thought over my offer, Miss Bing?" she asked. "Are you come to tell me that you will release me?"

"I have come for a special purpose," said the woman, "I have just received a telegram. Perhaps you heard the messenger's horse, Miss?"

I heard a horse, but believed that the farmer might have called to see Darrel on provisions you ordered to-day."

They came long ago. It was a horseman was a messenger from Somersham with a telegram for Mr. Moor. He's on his way here by the by, I thought.

What is it?"

What is it? What is it? I cannot guess. I wrote to him that the doctor's assistant had carried away the dead body of Mrs. Moor, so he's not coming to see her. His visit concerns you. He says I am not to release you upon any account, nor for any consideration whatever." Can he that he is taking this journey merely to exact a promise from you which I could exact just as well as he?" demanded Miss Bing. "Perhaps," she added, with a sudden flash of intuition, "he is on his way to marry Miss Fjord, and he's coming back to get me."

Honor shuddered. She knew that Darrel Moor had loved her as much as he was capable of loving any one, and the idea seemed to her not unlikely.

"But I am not his wife," she said, "and I will not marry him. If he comes to-night, I will not see him."

He is master in this house," said Miss Bing coolly. "I shall advise him to be ready to receive his visit. I must go now to prepare his supper. I have told you of Mr. Moor's coming, so that you will not retire. It is fortunate I have heard the message.

She retired abruptly, secreting the door behind her.

Honor's first act, after the woman's withdrawal, was to push her bedstead against the door leading into the room, and to spread the sheet of drawers against the door giving into Miss Bing's room. Those barricades were no more secure.

I believe I comprehend the reason of his coming," the young girl thought. "He has learned of the refusal of my hand, and his old fancy for me has revived. I suppose that was why I fled so strangely to-night. Darrel Moor thinks that he can force me to become his wife. But I will not be here to meet him," she said to herself, her dusky eyes flashing. "My only safety is in flight. He is utterly without honor or principle, I dare not meet him. I will risk everything—death even—rather than remain here in a trap helpless, like some scared bird. But can I escape?"

She looked out. The stars were covered by heavy clouds, and a lighted candle on the table under the window, and then stole to the bench, pushed aside the curtain, and saw that slender fingers prod up two of the bricks beneath the hearth.

In a little cavity beneath those bricks was concealed a small package. Honor knew that Miss Bing had remarked. Honor took it out. It had been worn in a pocket of the dress she had been as beaten as a dagger. The blade, however, was broken off, and the point of it was indented and broken, showing that it had been subjected to rough usage.

Honor tested the blade upon the edge of her table before the window. The nails and fingers were broken and bleeding from having been loosened by the lail of days and nights, but she worked away desperately. She had taken them out before many times, for she had not dared to remove her captivity, and had not ceased to plan an escape from the time she had first discovered the hiding-place. During the first unsuccessful attempt, Honor had found no opportunity of securing a table knife, but Miss Bing, in bringing up the tray on every occasion, and Honor dared not place the weapon where it was likely to bring her to inspect her place. There was nothing in the room that could serve her this purpose, and one morning, waxing bolder and more desperate, she had hidden the broken knife in the hearth, and had hidden her table knife in the package. Miss Bing had made no remarks inquiries, but Honor suspected by her answer, had scattered the room thoroughly, and had come to the conclusion that the girl must have omitted, by some strange oversight, to bring a knife upon the tray. She was far more watchful thereafter even than before, and Honor had not dared to make another effort to loll for her freedom.

She pushed up the lower sash, and examined the fastenings upon the shutters—a long, stout bolt secured them. The window was about twenty feet from the ground, and the girl's most fifteen minutes' work would suffice to secure her to open the shutters and descend. She set to work resolutely, with all her strength concentrated in her slender fingers and hands. She toiled as a man toils for his life. But fifteen minutes had grown to more than an hour, and the bolt was not loosened. She was no longer to be deceived. She must go to the window, and by the aid of the knife, and her own strength, force the bolt from its fastenings.

She had a chair in readiness to station, and she had used in sewing, and while she did so she had listened to the sounds of the approaching footsteps, and had heard the horseman ride up to the door, but she felt no movement toward retiring.

She had exchanged high her kitchen fire-place and took possession of one of the chairs before it, settles, and doned in the warmth and firelight. A about half-past nine o'clock, the ring of a tired horse's hoofs was heard on the paved way leading from the highway to the back door of the house, and a horse was ridden sharply around to the rear hall door, and a slamdersome rap was given upon the old brass knocker.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER
FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1873.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Grim Wisit.

"Will you give me a little change, sir, to get something to eat? I haven't had anything to-day."

We turned back to the speaker who thus accosted us. He was a young man, gaunt, wasted and pale; but with none of the visible marks of intemperance. It was in the edge of the evil—already, of course, had his work been fully substantiated by his half-starved appearance.

Seeing that we did not fully recognize him, he continued: "I used to—" recalling a circumstance which reminded us where we had seen him.

As soon as a bit of money was placed in his hand, he rushed away like a famishing dog for a piece of meat.

What is it, we asked of ourselves as we moved on, that has brought this young man in such a condition of want? He does not appear to have been drinking. Probably it is mere recklessness and improvidence. By accident or neglect he happened to lose his place, and having laid aside only enough for a rainy day, before he could find another situation he was reduced to absolute beggary.

What a situation to be in, in this vast, cold, merciless city! And if it is so hard for a young man, what must it be for young women!

It seems to us that, for some reason or other, such cases of destitution are more common this Fall than usual, though there are always a plenty of them.

We are not sure that our later FRANKLIN is not right in advising young people to "go West." Of all places in the world to be without employment, without friends and without one penny, a great city is the most dreary and the worst.

In a new country there is always a chance for a poor man to live and to improve his condition, however little money there may be to be had. Hard as one's lot there may possibly be, it is not so hard as loneliness and want in the heart of the heartless metropolis.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

"The New York *Ledger* opposes Mr. Bergh's mode of preventing cruelty to animals during the present hoise plague in New York."

This is true, and there are a great many others who agree with us in the opinion, that Mr. Bergh's method is not the proper one. Indeed, we think there are few, if any, now differ from our view.

With a man of practical sense in Mr. Bergh's place, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would become one of the most useful in the country; but his half-crazy conduct makes the whole thing ridiculous.

Gilbert Barrow's Mistake—He Turns a Dead Ear to a Cry for Help.

It was night—the night of October 30th, 1871; or, more strictly speaking, it was in the early morning of October 31st, that GILBERT DARROW, who lives on the banks of the beautiful Lake Osceola, near Lake Mahopac, a short hour's ride from this city, heard the piercing cry of a woman in distress come over the waters of the Lake. "Murder!" she said. He raised his window. "Murder!" was repeated. "Help! Come quick!" Then, almost immediately after, he heard a gurgling noise.

He asked, "What is the matter? Who is there? What do you want?"

Receiving no answer, with this he contented himself, and, as he explained it, concluded that he had been fooled, and turned back to bed! The voice, he was certain, was that of a female; but it seems never to have occurred to him that it might have been suddenly stopped by the same force that had caused it to cry out, "Murder! Murder! Help! Come quick!"

To bed and to sleep he went.

To another and a deeper sleep went the now voiceless suppliant for help, whose cries had been unheeded.

At daylight a loose and tenantless boat was found floating on the water. Also there were later, at the very spot whence the voice of distress came, there arose to the surface from their dump and cold depths, the body of a woman and a child.

She was the daughter of a farmer who also dwelt by the shore of the Lake.

How she came to her death remains an unsolved mystery, save to the Lake and to the God of another.

Of the two lovers: the one the victims husband of a wife from whom he was separated; the other a respectable country youngman, who would call us his friend and still continue—too diffident ever to say a word—and then take us in his hand and say, "Sir, I love her with my heart; her sensible parents naturally object to my poverty, and—and—"

Whatever the secret of her sad and untimely end may be, the world, doubtless, will be regretted that GILBERT DARROW should not have been instructed by Heaven's providence to the death-shriek of the perishing girl.

"Then Shall Do No Murder."

It is a fact that there are more murderers now in the Tombs. Some of them have recently gone down from the Supreme court to their victims. Others have been there more than a year. In fact, many of them have been there so long that they are beginning to be forgotten, and their crimes are fading, or have faded, from the public memory, as the public. Months or years hence some of them may be hanged, but although, in all the time, the moral effect of their punishment is comparatively little, it will have been bad justice not executed upon them speedily.

When a certain young man inquired of the Lord which is the first and the last, the first and eternal life, and was told to keep the commandments, he added, "Which?" "Thou shalt *do no murder*," was the first commandment which the Lord gave in response to the young man's question. The young men of the present day seem to pay no heed to the divine command. The twenty-three murderers in the Tombs are but a small part of those who have raised their hands in human blood in this city within the last two years. Day after day, almost, we murder in secret escape. And when those who murder in public, and make no attempt to flee, are arrested, their cases are allowed to drag along, and, if they have money, to be, at last, till, from sheer weariness and neglect on the part of the prosecution, they escape all punishment due to their crimes.

Let this reprehensible practice be changed—let justice be duly executed upon men-killers, and it is reasonable to believe that there will then cease to stalk abroad at noonday in our streets.

There Were Two Mothers-in-law.

"And how does Albert get on?" asked we of a mutual acquaintance, who was the subject in whom we had taken some interest.

"Well," said he, "I met him the other day, and he looked very bad."

"How is it about that trouble with his wife? Is he divorced from her?" we inquired.

"Not legally; only he made up his mind to let his wife, and his wife made up to go her way."

"Has he any children?" we continued.

"Yes," was the response; "he has a beautiful little girl. She is now almost two years old, and he stuck to her."

In these few brief words was written the wreck of several lives.

Why is it that sometimes so many mothers, not all—seem incapable of bringing their sons to manhood? Why is it that sometimes, in their children sense, when they marry, are binding upon them, and ought not to be interfered with?

The interference and intermeddling of a mother-in-law have led to the destruction of domestic peace and happiness in many a family. Many a home—the dearest, the sweetest and the most sacred—has been wrecked and torn by dissensions. By accident or neglect he happened to lose his place, and having laid aside only enough for a rainy day, before he could find another situation he was reduced to absolute beggary.

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Former Frequency of Prize Fights—Duel Encounter between Two Eton Boys.

There are but few persons in the rising generation who can have any idea of the frequency of what is denominated "prize fights," and of the influence exerted by such brutal exhibitions on the public mind in the latter part of the last century, and in the second part of the present one.

One seldom hears of a prize fight now-a-days, either in England or America. The strict penal statutes which it is too lamentable to take part in an encounter of this kind without first undertaking a journey to some spot beyond the jurisdiction of the courts. And have been growing less frequent for the last forty years; and the better classes have long countenanced them, even as spectators, for many years.

But half a century back it was very different. In Great Britain all the proceedings of the Prize Ring excited general interest, and the reports of matches between notorious pugilists were read with avidity by all classes of society. Many of the fashionable men moved town and at the Universities amateur professionals in the "manly art"—so called—to give them daily instruction; and it was the correct thing to attend the fights, and to be thoroughly conversant with all the movements of the ring.

What did more than any other one thing to destroy this taste was the fatal termination to several of these prize fights. On more than one occasion one of the combatants died from the severity of the injuries received. The prevailing fashion had already penetrated to the middle classes, and the occasional case of death to the arena occurred at Eton, then, as now, the greatest of England's public schools.

One fatal afternoon in February, 1808, one of the scholars at Eton, the Hon. F. A. COOPER and GEORGE WOOD, a nephew of the then Lord Chief Justice, were engaged in the play-ground, and coming to blows, fought for some mistake they were supposed to make on the Captain, or head boy of the school. It was the established rule that encounters should take place between the two boys on the next afternoon holiday, which was several years of age; his opponent, WOOD, about seventeen, and taller and stronger.

The fight began, and they stripped at four o'clock on Monday, and set to in the presence of a crowd of their schoolfellows. COOPER was active and full of pluck, but in the ninth and tenth rounds he became very weak. The fourteenth round was a terrible one for the little fellow. Unfortunately the deceased's father, Lord WOOD, was present at the fight, and when COOPER and WOOD were stimulated between the rounds. After the fourteenth round COOPER fell from a hard blow. He was carried to his lodgings, at the house of a clergyman, by his brother, and died before sunset on the next day.

The deceased "appeared as if he was asleep" when they reached his lodgings. He remained in the same position until seven o'clock, when a surgeon was sent for, but the unfortunate boy had ceased to breathe before the arrival. A coroner's inquest was held on the following day. The jury viewed the body. The "bowing eyes and purple veins of the cheek-bones were black, and there were marks of violence about the ribs, breast, etc." One of the surgeons thought there must have been a rupture of some internal organ.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter; but on the subsequent assignment of the case—the Summer Assizes—none of the witnesses appeared. In the absence of evidence the charge fell, and guilty was brought in.

Dr. COOPER was a son of the then Earl of SHAFTESBURY, and a brother of the Right Hon. ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, the Working Man's friend," on account of the noble exertions on behalf of the working men in the manufacturing districts of England. Dr. COOPER died in having the celebrated "Ten Hour Bill" passed, shortening the hours of labor; and is now occupied in other schemes for ameliorating the condition of the laborer.

A Case for Counsel.

Some forty years ago, when the States of Ohio and Michigan were at the point of war for the possession of the boundary, which they were only prevented from doing by a timely intervention of the usual authority under the auspices of Old Hickory, Uncle Tom Toddleaddle, then a country lawyer in the Buckeye territory, rode into town one morning, and after hitching his horse and mild-looking, walked into Lawyer Glybb's office.

"Morning, Squire," said the old gentleman.

"Good morning, Mr. Toddleaddle," responded the lawyer.

"Can't quite tell, I've done about this yer" mistake about Uncle Tom.

"You want particular point do you wish advice?" asked Mr. Glybb.

"Can't a writ of *Mesne Party* or *Sackyou* or *Habeas Corpus*, or somethin', be got out to put a stop to it?"

"Why, no, my friend."

"*Why, ramain' thy yer line m't to not so over the Mizzoo, ramain' with the Buckeyes? Why not gin' a agen 'n milk-sickness 'n seem nothing?*"

He never learned what advice the lawyer gave.

A Good Example for Rich Church-Members to Follow.

(From the Hudson (N. Y.) Daily Star.)

A HANDSOME PRESENT.—One day last week the Rev. DAVID E. FRASER, formerly of this city, but now located in Buffalo, was surprised in the following manner. About dinner-time the door bell attracted to his residence, No. 317 Franklin street, was pulled, and in answer to the summons "Hide Tee," the attendant, went to see what was wanted, when a boy handed in a basket, which contained a handsome horse and fine toy phaeton, standing in front of the door, was a gift to him from a member of his church. Of course the good-natured and kind-hearted clergyman was surprised. Since that time he has enjoyed many a fine ride behind the "free-will offering."

THE SOLEMN STUDY OF MAN IS THE ANIMAL.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Men talk now-a-days a great deal about posterity, and we are exhorted to do this and that, on account of its effect upon posterity. We do not object to this. We recognize the duty in word and forward a good stock of health, to develop nascent tendencies for good, to kill off, each one, a share of the ancestral animal which the whole world is struggling to get free from.

But there is one thing to consider by what (Darwinian) road he came to his present level. Every single degree of climb was the further development if only we knew the line of descent. Every one with half an eye can see how it is with some men. That apparent eye which some men carry in their head is as good as a telescope from the Old Serpent himself.

Over the way is a man with close face-lips and a long, lean, hungry look. He is not pleasant, to say time, to hear him break out a-scolding. Who does not know wolves in men's clothing? We have lived in sight of men for years who had not fairly outgrown the beast. Years gave a great deal of outward perfection at one end than at the other; for while the fox's brush is quite sloughed off in many instances, the fox face remains very much the same. Some men, I have people, known and read of all men, who need only a little wool judiciously arranged to secure for them a welcome in any shepherd's flock.

Then, there is the bear. Not the bear that walks on end, with sharp claws and a useless, fiery indentery, who seems driven by the very devil in the spirit of her unbridled secretion; for is she anything but a well-developed Fenee grown a great deal? A natural profession

IN NOVEMBER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Whenever the wild November
In mantle of leaden gray,
Quenches the flame of the golden-rod,
And tramples the leaf in clay;
When the sutler is dead in the woodland,
And the warriors are sad and sere,
And the vanishing hosts of the dying graze
On the mosses of the year;

Treading the russet highway,
Only sight and sound are one,
Where lads in the dress of the spring-time
The blue of the lark-bell shone,
Wander away to the wasteland,
To a dim, sequestered glade,
Where the wild-rose blushes and vanished,
I and my sweet love strayed.

Here to the mossy shingle,
And here in the fading glen,
Where, wrapt in a rosy dream, we talked
Of the days that should be often;
When freed from the hateful thickets
Of the wilderness of years,
Our fancies would wander visibly
In separate paths no more.

Eight times the wrath and famine,
The garments sodden and torn,
Hath trodden out the ember-light
Of the sunset of the year,
And hugged rain and gray and gloomily
The sad days, one by one;
Eight times the wild-rose hath gone,
Till the wasted years are done.

And still in the gloom and glory
Of the dying autumn days,
I keep the fitful of the Long Ago,
In these desolate wasteland ways;
I sigh to my soul, and whisper,
"I am in by watch, and wait,
In hope and vigil; the love that is dead
Can never be mine again."

But whenever the shrill November
Hath ceased to be cruel,
I wait with a wildly trembling heart
For the step on the time-worn sill;
For now, in separate dreams, he too
Is sad at the open door,
And I hear his voice in the whispered wind
For the vows I shall hear no more!

A FATAL INHERITANCE.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "CAVE SPIRIT," THE "WHITE TERROR," THE "METAL WITCH," ETC.

PART I.

CHAPTER III.

A DOMESTIC TRAITOR.

"Your daughter will soon be quite well again, Mrs. Layton," said Dr. Bland, after completing his duties toward the child. "The sleeping draught I have given her will insure a good night's rest. Set at rest all your apprehensions concerning her, for I assure you she is in no danger."

The young mother breathed a sigh of thankfulness, and sank down unnerved for a few moments, while the doctor seated over her fever. Her lips did not move, but she was returning thanks to God for the safety of her darling, and asking for more guidance and strength in the thorny path that lay before her. She also looked up again, after a few inwardly quite composed, though her eyes were shining with excitement, and her mouth, usually so sweet in its expression, wore a look of decision which almost startled the kind physician.

The child, exhausted by her sufferings, had already fallen into a deep slumber, and Mrs. Layton arose, and quietly said:

"Come with me, Doctor; I wish to speak with you in private, and I can trust Cousy to watch over Louis till I return. We will go into the library for a few moments. No one will be likely to intrude on us there."

She led the way down the wide winding stairs, lighted by a magnificent window filled with colored glass, crossed the lofty hall, the floor of which was inlaid with rare woods and variegated, but along the slightly sunken floor had a narrow Brussels carpet, and in front of the doors that opened from it Persian rugs were placed.

The library communicated with the drawing-room, and the door was pushed to, but not completely closed. Mrs. Layton did not observe this, but motioned her guest to a large chair, and drew up a similar one in front of him for herself.

The walls were lined with carved cases, filled with a choice selection of books, for the Laytons were great readers, and the present owners and of literary taste. Even the present occupant, a mere boy, had read those and many more found of study, and could be trusted to entered his library.

After a brief pause, during which Mrs. Layton was struggling for perfect self-control, she looked up to the doctor, and met his face toward her, and said:

"I feel as if I can rely on your judgment, Dr. Bland, and trust to you to befriend me in this sound strait in which I seem to be placed. I must leave my husband; it is impossible for me to remain under the same roof with him for one afternoon longer. I have thought it my duty to do so. For no light cause should a woman leave her home and husband; but I—I have endured so much—so much that I would die sooner than reveal, that my courage has broken down. I can no longer fight against fate. I must give up the struggle, and fly to some refuge to which I shall be safe with my child."

Dr. Bland's voice was husky as he asked:

"In what decision you have arrived, Mrs. Layton?"

It is. Help me to get away, Doctor. Do not compel me to stay, for I cannot. My whole soul has at last risen in rebellion against the indignities I am being forced to bear, and I will endure them no longer."

"Then you are utterly alienated from your husband?"

An expression of loathing came into the white face that looked up to him, and he felt that he was answered. But what she said, in a broken voice:

"Do not ask me questions, Doctor. I would have been a faithful and devoted wife to him, if he would have permitted it. I was loyal in all ways when my conscience was in place. I knew nothing of life, nothing of men, and my parents married me to him, and I had no aversion to Mr. Layton; he was ardent in his wooing, and I believed he was a good man—that he would make me happy as his wife. But he treated me from the settled day thing; then, tired of me, gave himself up to his vices, and I was left alone to bear it all. I have no doubt he felt that I had been forced to the worst of all slavery—that of a wife to a tyrannical and dissolute husband.

The heart of the listener melted within him as he listened to this simple statement of her wrongs, for he, as the family physician, knew how bitter her trials had been, how patiently they had been borne till now, and he could not blame her for the resolution she had taken, though he foresaw for her much trouble in carrying it out.

"My poor child," he gently said, "what I can do to help you I will do, and I will keep the bondage you feel too great to bear to me. I fear, very little; but you may count on my services all if you need them, my daughter. There is one thing you do not seem to have thought of; the law gives a husband more duty to retain possession of the children. You—"

She listened him with a cry, as the that of a wounded tigress, and her eyes gleamed fiercely as she said:

"My child belongs to me, and I defy the world to take him from me. I will die first. I may have duty to say that Edward Layton is more fit to take charge of a baby girl than I, her mother, say I? If that is true, it is not justice, and I will submit to no such tyranny. If I cannot take my Louis with me, I will stay here and die in her defence; for such will be my fate, if I cannot find means to effect my escape, carrying my child with me."

Her voice sank at the last into a hopeless wail, that went to the heart of one listener at least, for there was another at the imperfectly closed door, trying to catch every word spoken between the two, who thought themselves entirely alone.

After a pause, Dr. Bland said:

"With your husband's bonds, he may be willing to relinquish the child to your care. I will undertake to speak to him and if he chooses to retain her, you must go among some of your own relatives, and remain with her till you can establish a home for yourself. You have still other resources, and these difficulties; and have you the means to live, away from your husband?"

In a depressed tone she replied:

"I have inherited a great deal, but to little purpose. I have very little of my own; my father might help me, but he is not rich, and he has a family of young children. My stepmother will have little sympathy for me, I fear, when she finds that I have given up so much to him, and she may influence my papa to withhold assistance, thinking to drive me back to my unnatural home. I have a few hundred dollars, and my jewels are valuable, but I do not like to sell them, and what I can sell secretly I can embezzle; and I had rather work from dawn to gloaming than live in this house with the beauty fear that something terrible may happen to my darling."

"You to scandal?—you cannot dream what it would be, to a woman of your antecedents. Struggle on, my child, with the world, rather than with a young child. Mr. Layton is a vindictive man, and in the event of a parting between you, he will allow you nothing unless compelled by law to do so. He might give up the child to you, but he would do nothing more.

"That is all I shall ask of him. I will make no demands on him for myself. I will never ask or take one penny from him. Can't helpers be obtained? Can't I have a room to myself, and I shall take her with me whether I leave openly or secretly. So you see I shall not be entirely alone. Tell me what I shall do, Doctor. Shall I effect my escape without his consent, or separation? Mr. Layton, I shall I wait till he is in a condition to judge rationally, and then tell him the determination I have come to?"

"I would advise you by all means not to

LUCILA'S DECISION.

speak to him at present. He is not in a condition to judge rationally, and then I should have things more my own way. Your little girl, in her present condition, cannot be moved very far, and I own I am not of my father. I dare say he was worthless enough, but I think he would pay it with impunity where I can hear it."

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not precipitately. It will be but justice to Mr. Layton to let him know that you intend to leave him, before taking any steps toward doing so."

"But he is so unreasonable, so violent, and he is threatened with an attack of delirium now. I tremble when I think of the scenes I must witness for years to come, if I do not fly from them while Mr. Layton is incapable of pursuing me. Oh, Doctor, I have had a loaded pistol held to my head, a knife flourished in my face, and I have had the most horrible imprecations so would have killed another woman through mere frights. How I lived through such scenes I hardly understand. Res for the interference of his cousin, I think he would have destroyed me in his fits of lack. Oh, Doctor Bland, I have all a woman's shrinking from the world, and yet I feel—I feel as if I shall not escape in some wrath such longer if I remain under the same roof.

All her composure seemed to have forsaken her, and she was evidently suffering acutely. "Pain and terror" as she had described them.

What a wretch that man must be, and my old friend General Layton taught as knight of him when he was a youth. I wonder what could have changed him so much—what evil influences could have been brought to bear upon him, to make him what he is."

In a troubled tone, he reverently said:

"I wish I could see clearly what to advise you to do, Mrs. Layton. Your courage seems to have failed you, and I do not wonder, considering all you have had to endure."

Your little girl, in her present condition, cannot be moved very far, and I own I am not of my father. I dare say he was worthless enough, but I think he would pay it with impunity where I can hear it."

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"My child belongs to me, and I defy the world to take him from me. I will die first. I may have duty to say that Edward Layton is more fit to take charge of a baby girl than I, her mother, say I? If that is true, it is not justice, and I will submit to no such tyranny. If I cannot take my Louis with me, I will stay here and die in her defence; for such will be my fate, if I cannot find means to effect my escape, carrying my child with me."

Her voice sank at the last into a hopeless wail, that went to the heart of one listener at least, for there was another at the imperfectly closed door, trying to catch every word

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suffering to her. Casey and I will pack up what I intend to take with us, and one of the men went here the spring wagon in readiness to take my trunks."

Dr. Bland nodded.

"I will attend to it. Your mind seems clear enough as to what is to be done, and I am sure you will be prompt enough in execution."

"Yes; as long as I have anything to do, I can sustain myself even under such a complication of wretchedness as mine. I cannot die; it is *wrong for me* to take Mr. Layton at his word, Dr. Bland?"

"Wrong! no indeed. You will be guilty of a great wrong to yourself and your child, if you do not avail yourself of the opportunity to escape when it is offered you. Go at once before some new freak seizes on the mind of your husband, and there will be no information to thwart you in against your purposes, you will not be permitted to go."

"I believe that; but he is under my away. After what took place just now, he will feel secure that the inheritance of my daughter will become his at the death of Mr. Layton. Interests that he vitally interests. By taking her away I am to so doing, I firmly believe I save her life."

"There, there, my dear child, do not speak so excitedly. Be calm, and I will go to your lawyer at once, or to your son. I am sure you owe to me about the carriages, and you and Casey can get the trunks over your preparations for departure."

He left the room, and Alice turned to her child, over whom Casey was bending with tears in her eyes. She had followed them into room as soon as Layton left it, and she now said:

Is it all true, Miss Ally? Must we go 'way, and not to say good-bye to the folks in the village or to Squire Dow?"

"Much, my belongs to me, Casey, but you, my friends and my clothes. Let us get up all the last as rapidly as possible, and do you gather your things together that you will need. I have but one wish now, to get away from here as speedily as possible."

The child, in spite of the late excitement in the room, had again fallen into a quiet sleep, and the mistress and maid were not imposed upon by her presence in the preparations that were to be made. In less than an hour the large trunks were packed, and a smaller one containing the wardrobe of the child.

Casey then left her mistress that she might attend to her own affairs, and Alice was left with a strange feeling of hardness in her heart. She looked around at the elegance of the home she was leaving, and not one thrill of regret caused her to think of parting with it and all this splendor. To her this magnificent home was but a gilded prison, where years of suffering and of a hatred such as no child should have been profused to her lips which would have given her forgetfulness of the four hard years of her life, she would gladly have accepted it, and blotted from her memory all but the beautiful record.

She was going forth now to comparative poverty, but her courage arose to face it, and her heart was almost light as she felt that the heavy yoke she had so long borne was slipping from her shoulders.

Little sept, unconscious of the terrible change in her destiny which the last few hours had made. An hour's sleep had refreshed a disinherited child at sunset; a wife guilt had opened between her past and future, and but the pale woman who knelt and prayed beside her with words of deep tenderness, and also for help and guidance in the thorny path that lay before her, allowed not a sigh to escape the child she had given up to cling to her. Only by the most powerful effort of the will and the power of the kindness she was her most deadly foe, and Alice shrank and quivered before the dread of what Crimin might yet have to do to persecute and annoy her, when the power to do so passed into his hands.

Ah! will she might shrink; for even her fears fell far short of the reality in her anxious mind could be guilty of when that time came.

A noise in the door caused her to the consciousness of what was passing around her, and she saw that Casey had left the room, standing in the hall. He looked paler than usual, and was evidently putting a strong constraint upon himself to a deadly addressed her:

"After the cancelled for insult you offered me this afternoon, you hardly expected me to seek you again, Alice, but I could not let you go away from Layton with the belief that I am an enemy either to you or your daughter. I scarcely expected such injustice from you, for I have loved your child, and shielded it in many times from a madman's rage when it was the two gone hand with that I could not do alone."

"That is true, and I thank you for it; but you could have done no more, Crimin, to make you yourself had tempted Mr. Layton to drink till he became dangerous to all who approached save yourself. The influence you possess over him might have been used to serve, but has only been used to destroy. You cannot deny that, for you have seen me in terror days and hour after hour for your presence, and myself, abstaining him from me, and inciting him to violence, that you might play the part of protector. Only this day you have built him a base falsehood, a story to my fury against me; from you alone could have come that fabrication concerning Guy Thorne."

Crimin's face underwent many changes while she thus spoke, and he viciously gnawed at his under lip, as blood could be came from it. But he spoke quite calmly in reply:

"You overrate my influence with Mark. I could not have arrested him in his downward career if I had tried. He is a confirmed evil liver while in Paris, and you know that you were powerless to win him from his vices, and then should not suppose that I could do so."

"In God's name, Crimin, let us put aside all coma as his evil fate, to destroy the influence I was never to gaining over him. You could have made him a good man; you have made him a bad one."

Her words broke through her control that she did not fall her. With a sneer, Crimin retorted:

"To make Layton a saint would have been to accomplish a miracle, and I am no miracle man, yet I have been a never-failing friend to you. I warned your father of the fate in store for you as the wife of Edward Layton, and I have warned you of the same. I was a witness of the manner in which he dares to use the same blither to protect you from the insane violence of which I have every reason to be the guilty in his drinking spells; and last, but not least, when I saw that you could see no longer live in his house with any safety to yourself, I told him that child of many years' your childish preference for young Preston, and brought about the only safe plan for you by affording you the opportunity to escape from his power, and I have been rewarded for my pains by your think now that I have been your friend, or your enemy, Alice?"

"As you state it, I should believe that you were actuated by friendly motives; but I know not yet that it is not so. I mention that will not be allowed warns me that in you I may my efficient enemy, Crimin. Many would think me imprudent to speak thus to a man who has so much in his power as you have; but it is better, in my opinion, to have you know that I am aware of the cause of the mask of friendship but to shut more securely from behind it."

Again that deadly gleam came into his eyes, but he cast them down to prevent her from reading their expression, and after a pause, asked:

"Are you not afraid to beard me thus, if you really think that I can rule your husband? I have the power to prevent your leaving him to recall you to your duties? or, failing that, to keep with him the child you are so rapidly up in? After the terrible insinuation you to Layton, I should be justified in so doing, I should be justified in asking Ned to remain Lucia, that I may prove to the world how deeply I am interested in her welfare."

The veiled threat conveyed in his words drove the poor mother to desperation. She clasped her hands over that heart that had been so cruelly outraged, and cried, in extremity:

"You dare not attempt that, Crimin! You dare not! You would drive me to kill you. What do you think that I would care for myself, or my helpless baby to your tender mercies? Left here, you would rule her pale, and a terrible one it would be. She would be in your way. James Crimin, if her father changed his mind concerning her, but if I take her with me, he will cast up his vindictive purpose and leave her nothing. I accept poverty for her, for myself, and I intend to go with her, and in peace."

"Women are very violent, Mrs. Layton, and in the excitement of your present position, I can forgive you, knowing as I do how deep a mortification it must be, to a proud a woman as you are, to meet with such a downfall as you have met with. Your life has been a failure, but it need not always remain one. You hate and mistrust me now, but the day will come in which I can prove to you that I am ready to be your best friend, and that time, I reserve my right to withhold from you the motives which have induced me to my interference with your affairs. I am sorry that you have seen fit to receive me with such violence, and to misconstrue my words, now that they are not so, for I have no intention to interfere with you. I will not have placed my cousin under the influence of a designing woman, that you may get away in safety with the child. He was in such a state of frenzied excitement when I left the room, that I feared something dreadful might occur, but I was unprepared for the sudden departure."

Alice responded, and with effort said:

"For this I thank you, Crimin, and give a great deal if I dared to trust you. I am going to Mr. Preston's home, and there I will be safe till Lucia can travel with safety; then I shall go to Belgium to my father."

And your parents—your step-mother? what will your father say to your coming with your brilliant prospects?" he asked.

"No will be glad to see me. She will think that I ought to have endured all for the sake of my child, as she has endured and suffered for years, and will sympathize with him I shall be safe from such persecution as I have endured from my husband."

"Poor girl your lot has indeed been a hard one, and I sympathize with you deeply. I will you say trust me; I swear it to you. I will not interfere with you in any way, and I shall be made if I can prevent it. She is the child of my friend, Ned Preston, and as such I shall yet be recognized. In your exile think of me as your friend, and when I can be of service to you, command me, and you can only ask for justice at your hands. The day will come when you will be glad to have my efforts I will make to serve you."

He spoke with such calmness before she was aware of his intention, he stooped forward and kissed her cheek on her forehead. Then, suddenly, and drew herself haughtily away, but Crimin did not seem to face for the movement. Before she could speak he was half-way down the hall, and Alice was left alone with Casey.

That kiss upon her brow, that strange, next shall be upon your lips, her pretty lips, Lucia, and in death shall its grasp relax. Accept me, my darling, as my bride, and I will hand to-day! Ha, ha! I only allow you to go, that I may have you more completely in my power to come."

He came back to his own apartment, to which he had locked himself, and there the sleeping profoundly from the combined effects of wine and opium.

The tempter who had been mainly instrumental in bringing him to this pass, looked down upon his victim with supreme contempt, and, with a shudder, muttered:

"What a beastial horse he is! He has thrown away all his chances of success in life, and for what? Seven weeks, destined to fill an early grave, and I am to blame for it, and now, if he could rise from the dead and see how he has cleared the pathway for me, he is so anxious to secure to him! *My* claims were as good as his, but they were ignored, and Layton might rule in the old home, with lavish wealth at his command, while I starved for it; and what has he brought the name to? He has squandered it in the gutter, and has made a before humanity; and all at my instigation. Ha, ha! I have not forgotten, and I will be little the less revenged if I do not kill him; but I took him in hand, taught him what life is and how to live it, and I will go through with it as fast as ever I could wish. The game has been in my hands, James, and I trumpeted, will soon bring him to the end; the sooner the better for me."

His reverie was interrupted by a tap on the door, and, in response to his call, Ned Preston entered.

"I thought it best to look after you, Crimin," he said, "for you seem to be a guest, I fancy. I heard Layton's violence to you, and his terms by drinking again, but you have had the good judgment to withdraw, and avoid a fight."

"Yes; I wished Alice to get away quietly with the child, and I knew that I could be of course was to put him to sleep. I had to done him pretty heavily, but he will be all right in the morning."

"On the contrary, it will do him good, by staving off the attack of delirium which is sure to follow a debauch like this. I think it is such a man that should be brought to a sudden halt in his career."

Crimin looked at him sharply and cynically said:

"What could be expected but ruin and disgrace, when the reins were thrown into the hands of a boy-husband, Preston? Layton is how I thought his marriage would save him, but just see what has come of it. Your own wealth he inherited has only been a snare and a curse to him, poor fellow."

Dr. Bland laughed.

"His physical health might be perfectly restored, if he would but give up his drinking, for he is a man of magnificent physique. If you will excuse me, I will go to him at once, and he would live for many years, and—"

"I have no power to prevent it," interrupted Crimin. "If I could, I would have done so for your sake, for the sake of your boy, Dr. Bland, that you do not suffer from the consequences of the madness of giving up your control of Layton to him. Listen to me, Preston! You must have seen enough for yourself to know that I have not been instrumental of the kind. Ned Layton is a law unto himself, as one can control him, and say no more. If I had attempted to interfere with him, I would have been kicked out of the house for my pains. Perhaps I would have been left utterly at his mercy."

Ned could only reply:

"I am not sitting up in judgment on you, Crimin, and have no right to question your motives. Perhaps I would have been right to solve her own difficulties, the result might have been happier for herself and my cousin at present. Your cousin is a doomed man unless a miracle is performed. It is dreadful to think that one of God's creatures can deliberately bring himself to such a pass as this. If he can be induced to pause now, Mr. Crimin, there is hope, and that he may be restored both mentally and physically. If not, he must be left to—written."

"I have already told you, sir, that I cannot undertake to reform him," replied Crimin coldly. "It would be but a waste of time for any one to attempt so quixotic a performance. Layton has gone to the bad as utterly as any man can, and what is worse, he has no desire for or appreciation of the good: witness his treatment of Alice this day."

Dr. Bland should his head dreadfully; but the pulse of his patient, gave some directions, and then left the room, and went on to see Alice.

He found her at the side entrance to which the vehicles had been ordered, that the bustle of the departure might not be noticed by any. When told that he was sleeping, she said hurriedly:

"Come, Doctor; let us get away from this house as soon as we can. I am afraid that Crimin is safe till she is far away from here."

"You are very violent, Mrs. Layton, and in the excitement of your present position, I can forgive you, knowing as I do how deep a mortification it must be, to a proud a woman as you are, to meet with such a downfall as you have met with. Your life has been a failure, but it need not always remain one. You hate and mistrust me now, but the day will come in which I can prove to you that I am ready to be your best friend, and that time, I reserve my right to withhold from you the motives which have induced me to my interference with your affairs. I am sorry that you have seen fit to receive me with such violence, and to misconstrue my words, now that they are not so, for I have no intention to interfere with you. I will not have placed my cousin under the influence of a designing woman, that you may get away in safety with the child. He was in such a state of frenzied excitement when I left the room, that I feared something dreadful might occur, but I was unprepared for the sudden departure."

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WING AND WING.

BY E. W. CASTERBROOKS.

Your strength is full and free, your wings are true:
Use!
You need not stay your flight
Till you have united their gold
But I say, fold not, fold not.

I would not have it so; and yet, my love,
The journey once begun,
I could not leave undone,
And set me low, while you soared on above.

The world is full of hearts left desolate,
Of lives strained hard and tense,
Of weary eyes and sad,
And seeing thine, I ask you now to wait.

Only a little longer—till I can see
Your wings full-fledged and free,
Or whether thy loving breast
Is the safer and the better home for me.

If I were sure of hopping wing with you,
I could not say "Nay."
For the nest it did and grew
The sun of its love left it for the dew.

Dear Heart, pray tell me; is your love so great
That if my wings extend,
Our eager souls blend,
And we can fly as one, content to wait?

If "Yes," our future lies together, sweet,
Our wings shall be as one,
Thy power drawing mine,
And each life in the other be complete.

If "No," then here and now we two will part,
Here in my homestead nest,
Where I, your safety rest,
And watch thy victories and strife, dear Heart.

Then you come, and I can doubt no more
With you as guide, I dare
To cleave the air
To greet the unknown life that lies before.

THE BROADACRES TRAGEDY.

OR

The Irrevocable Promise.

By CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 27," "FILIPPO, THE BANDIT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

RENEWING TUDOR.

"Good morning, sir.
"Just please to toast of every one."—SHELLEY.

The kindness of Miss Hastings had endeared to her guest, as waiting-maid, one of the most skillful, and, in that case of the most jealous close of all the maid-servants at Broadacres.

Not only skilled to relinquish the fashions of her own French *femme*, but Henriette, the chambermaid, was a thorough Parisian, and imposing such a sacrifice upon her instincts, declared that she would not, for the world, change such an interesting lodger, or serve any country woman would be a pain to her.

Agatha Sandys awakened early on Monday and the morning after Ernestine's arrival, there would open her a fresh experience of girl, whose nimble fingers had already been taught the cunning tricks of the trade, and whose smirking good-nature would be proof against any unreasonable requirement of her age: capricious mistress.

Ernestine's first movement, after the girl was inducted into office, was to converse with in a careless, nonchalant way; and the servant, seeing only a little encouragement and the assurance of a listener, soon fell into a diarrhœa of monologue, in which she unreaded everything she knew about Broadacres, the personal pronouns and antecedents of her employers and neighbors who frequented the place.

She scarcely let voice be a moment whisper when speaking of the haunted chamber, but raised it again when that subject was carefully detailed, and was proceeding to other topics, when a voice interrupting her by wife the careless remark:

"And do you sleep there in a haunted chamber in the house, Agatha? Is it, pray? and have you seen the ghost, or heard it?"

The girl dropping the dust-cloth from her hand, and exclaimed in sincere alarm:

"Mercy, Miss! you surely don't think that I would dare set my foot in that fearful room? I'd sooner jump into the river, with weights tied to my heels—I would, indeed—rather than go near the place. I've never been in that part of the house but once, and then I was so frightened I thought I should never get safely to it, except as though my feet were set astray, and I was in a dream. Mother, and, in my heart I fell down the stairs and the other girls thought the spirits were after me, and surely thought so myself, for I'm certain I heard noises in Lady Alicia's room."

"What kind of noises?" asked Miss Tudor.

"Oh, groans and sighs, and the creaking of furniture, and sounds like that."

"When was it that you heard them, and what were you doing in that part of the house?"

"It was only about two weeks ago, Miss Tudor, and that there accident to my poor dear dared me to go past the door and back again in the dark. So one by I got me up to a locket, with his picture inside, if I'd go up to that hall after midnight, and never get around out of the window at the further end. I was to do this to prove to him that I was not afraid there. I got so far on the door of Lady Alicia's room, and I heard a sigh, as I thought, and I stopped to listen. Then I heard it again: a sound like a groan it certainly was. I was just about thinking anything could open the locket or of Sam, I turned about, threw my apron over my head and took to flee as ever I could."

"Do all the other servants believe as you do, that the place is haunted?"

"Why, Miss, I don't know: it is a fact. They all know it, except perhaps Adkins, Mr. Manning's man.

"He is wiser than the rest of you?"

"He pretends to be, but I believe from my very soul that he'd have with me that night, he would have been as frightened as I was. He'd to send him up to Miss Alicia's room sort of a looking man is this Adkins?"

The girl described him in her way as well as she was able, and while she was doing so Ernestine remembered that she had seen a servant answering the girl's description, descending the staircase at the lower end of the same hall upon which her own room opened.

"Here is this haunted chamber situated? How far is it from my room?"

"Fairly enough, Miss. The stairs in the hall yonder lead up to it, but you have to go through a long gallery first, and I wonder what used to be in the other hall-room."

"I fancy the incredulous Adkins you speak of has been playing some tricks upon you, to see what opinion he could make of you all?"

"Indeed not, Miss. Adkins is not one of the joking kind. He never laughs with anybody. He is a man who is very much like all the servants who come over fresh from England with their own master, their mistresses' and more than that, he's been wonderfully sober since Mr. Manning went away, and the strange gentleman was murdered down by the gate; and it's since that time that I've got up to speak with him, as he's Lady Alicia's own ghost that walks about the house, and I've heard that he would be sensible about that matter, for there have been a great many ghosts seen lately and than were ever heard before, and it is only since that time that lights have been seen at the window."

"So the spirits are astir at night, and use lamps and candles, do they?" said the young lady, laughing good-humoredly at the girl's credulity.

"I've seen them myself, Miss. I went down to get me a light on purpose to watch for them. You see, I can see the windows of the haunted chamber from the servants' stable than from any where else, for the trees are so so thick down there, and as sure as I live, Miss Tudor, I did see a light shine between the chinks of the shutters."

"Which were closed without doubt."

"It couldn't have been the moon, for it was as dark as pitch, and it had been raining all the evening. I was frightened, and me who watched the window till past ten o'clock, and then the light seemed to be put out; at any rate, we didn't see it again."

"And that proves that it couldn't have been lighted by spirits, for you know they never begin their operations after midnight."

They say that Lady Alicia never seemed to sleep after that hour, but walked about and strange things that she was shining, as she was in the darkest night.

Miss Tudor said no more, but as the garment a light tap came upon the door, and in response to her invitation, it was opened by Agatha, who came to with her guest an affectionate good-morning.

"Come, Tina," she said, laying her fresh cheek against that of the young French girl, "I fancy a sunny, sparkle today, and as morning, for I am fearfully impatient to show you around Broadacres. There are some delightful drives in the park, and I ordered a pony phaeton from town last week, which I wish you to try with me for the first time this morning."

"I shall be ready in half an instant more," replied her companion; and springing from her seat before the glass, she bent her head while Janet threw over it a beautiful morning-dress of white muslin.

With nimble fingers the girl fastened it, her vivacionsly the while, she fastened at her friend's many capitic coils, and shaking the fine perfumed handkerchief from its folds, she fastened it to her left, and announced herself ready to descend to the breakfast room.

Ann in airs they went down the broad staircase together, and the servant stood at the threshold of the apartment to wait on Miss Hastings.

"Agatha," she said, "I have been wonderfully amused this morning by the chatter of that funny little maid you have given me. Do you know she is full of old time superstitions, and will tell you more family stories than your delightful, home-like mansion has walls? She informed me that one of the rooms in this house—the chamber in an upper story which is haunted."

Agatha laughed gayly.

"Yes: is it not strange that people will cling to such nonsense? I have often been pent to disabuse the servants' minds of that foolish fancy, but I might as well talk to a man to the north wind. It verses me sometimes to hear the stories they manufacture, and I have come to the conclusion that they enjoy the delusion, and I shall not trouble myself hereafter to attempt to find it, for does no good.

"Neither would I. There's something pleasantly horrible, I must confess, about it, and I must confess I have always liked to hear them. I should have been glad to have had just some time ago if I had not lingered, in the chamber you have taken, and heard the noises."

"If the poor Lady Alicia could have known in her youth that her name would be associated with a ghostly way, I fancy her reason would have been in danger of dethronement," said Agatha.

"So you wished to you, was she not?" asked Ernestine.

"Yes, I have thought her that the relationship—that I was her niece—existed in her mind. He is the direct descendant of the son whose love Aunt Alicia lost, and that all her husband became estranged from her she caused by her unreasonable jealousy, and his any life completely changed his nature, and he not only conceived a dislike to me like his beautiful wife, but, to cause her all possible pain, he refused to allow her to know her only child—a son. Upon his death-bed he repented of his cruelty, and sent for me, but Aunt Alicia had already died before she knew of this change, and she sent a noble property to me. I have inherited all his mother's good qualities, and none of his father's characteristics—at least, so my friends and relatives. All connection between the family was ceased for many years, and for several years ago, my father discovered some papers which he thought would enable him to make immediate search for the lost Broadacres. He then discovered that her last surviving companion was Walter Manning, the cousin to whom I am betrothed; but the small parchment which I brought with me, and left, after his Parisian debts were paid, amounted to so small a sum that I and my grandson were forced to make personal exertions to support ourselves. It was then I began that I was a man whose affections are not filled with silver and gold, but, to use one of your own proverbs, a man after his head and his heart are filled with true riches."

"Upon my word, Aggie, your story has the spice of romance in it."

Do you think so? Then perhaps you would like to hear more of it, for I have not finished with the papers left her haunted chamber, years and years after her death."

Agatha slipped from her chair with a look of curious workmanship, and passed it across the table to her friend.

It was of the yellowest gold, and in it were set two miniatures, one of a man and one of a boy. There was an inscription within it in Italian characters, but the name which Ernestine did not understand.

The miniatures were finely executed, as she saw by the ring admirably in the half hour, and formed a study for a painter. The man upon the cover, with a face of remarkable beauty, but that the ring, with its curious inscription, was by a stranger, and that it was a very fine but impatient to decipher this motto ?"

"I certainly do, Agatha. Walter would be able to help me, but, to my great disappointment, he has left me for a week or two, and I am very sorry that I am not able to read it myself."

"Is he not so carelessly as he would say any ordinary ring, and after examining it as Ernestine requested that she had seen a servant answering the girl's description, descending the staircase at the lower end of the same hall upon which her own room opened.

"Here is this haunted chamber situated? How far is it from my room?"

"Fairly enough, Miss. The stairs in the hall yonder lead up to it, but you have to go through a long gallery first, and I wonder what used to be in the other hall-room."

"I fancy the incredulous Adkins you speak of has been playing some tricks upon you, to see what opinion he could make of you all?"

"Indeed not, Miss. Adkins is not one of the joking kind. He never laughs with anybody. He is a man who is very much like all the servants who come over fresh from England with their own master, their mistresses' and more than that, he's been wonderfully sober since Mr. Manning went away, and the strange gentleman was murdered down by the gate; and it's since that time that I've got up to speak with him, as he's Lady Alicia's own ghost that walks about the house, and I've heard that he would be sensible about that matter, for there have been a great many ghosts seen lately and than were ever heard before, and it is only since that time that lights have been seen at the window."

"So the spirits are astir at night, and use lamps and candles, do they?" said the young lady, laughing good-humoredly at the girl's credulity.

"I've seen them myself, Miss. I went down to get me a light on purpose to watch for them. You see, I can see the windows of the haunted chamber from the servants' stable than from anywhere

DOOMED.

BY ALICE STARR.

The ocean waves tossed high and wild,
Uprising to the lowering sky,
While echoing o'er the billows dark,
The storm-god pealed his mightiest cry.

And, as I walked beside the shore,
I saw a wreck far out at sea;
While, as I stood in horror wrapt,
The waves their burden brought to me,

And laid it gently at my feet;
I saw it by the lightning's glare—
A *woman's* form, of slender mould,
And flowing tresses brightly fair.

And see! close nestled to her breast,
As if to shield from every harm,
A tiny baby lies at rest,
With smiling face of holy calm.

The waxen features palely gleam
From out the woman's sweeping hair;
The little breast is snowy white,
As if an angel nestled there.

Its little face is closely laid
Against the mother's ice-cold breast,
And, folded in her fond embrace,
Infant and mother are at rest.

* * * * *

The cruel waves may come and go,
But while the storm-god rules the main,
A sadder sight than this to-day
They never will reveal again.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

There was once upon a time a king whose queen presented him with just one child—a daughter. When she came into the world he was the happiest king in all creation. He caused the joy bells to ring all over his realm, and ordered his subjects who were in the confectionery line to deal out to every child who applied for it, a pound of sugar-plums gratis, and charge the bills to him.

The baby was the most beautiful little creature ever born. Everybody said so, and everybody must be right. And when the christening day was come, they gave her the name of Altogether Beautiful, because there really was no other name suitable.

The fairy godmother was, of course, at the christening feast, but she looked very much discontented, and was very sulky. The king felt troubled by this, and asked her politely what she was so good as to be displeased at, for one must not tread on the corns of fairy godmothers. The old lady replied snappishly:

"Enough is the matter, young man. If you weren't the greatest ninny of a king that ever sat on a throne, you'd know. That girl of yours is altogether too beautiful. She'll be so vain there will be no bearing her, in the first place; and all the young men will run away with her, in the second. You'll have a nice time with her. Why didn't a moderately good looking girl content you?"

"How can *I* help it?" asked the king. "Perhaps, as you are a fairy, you'll tell me how. Shall I break her nose, or put her where she'll catch the smallpox? People are generally congratulated when their girls are nice looking."

"I'm your best friend, as you'll find," said the godmother; "take my advice, and all may be well yet. Never let her see a looking-glass, and never let her see a young man. Teach her that she is very plain, and that young men are too dreadful to be mentioned, and she may be a credit to you yet."

With which words the fairy godmother vanished up the chimney, leaving the queen and all the good company, including several excellent fairies, in floods of tears.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said every sensible woman present. "The good old fairy godmother is right. Beauty *is* a snare. Young men *are* dangerous. It's a dreadful thing to be beautiful, as we all know by experience."

The king, however, being a practical man, who acted while others wept, went to work. He banished every looking-glass from the palace, to the great disgust of all the ladies of honor, who never could put their things on straight afterward. He discharged every young male servant, and forbade any one to admit a young man within the gates.

As soon as the young princess could read, she was taught several things: first, that she was very plain; secondly, that it was a virtue to be plain; thirdly, that handsome was that handsome did; fourthly, that young men were dreadful creatures, who must not be spoken of or to, and that if by chance a young princess met one, she was to scream until some one came to drive him away.

So she was brought up. The king, the queen and the fairy godmother all doing their best to hide her beauty from her. She never read anything romantic, or heard a sentimental song. When she rode out, it was in the garden, with the ugliest old man that was ever born on the coach box, and all seemed to go on excellently.

Thus she attained her sixteenth year, a pattern to all womankind, who had never looked into a looking-glass, and never seen a beau.

"Next year," said the king, "I will marry her to the most respectable elderly king who has lost his queen, whom we can meet, and we will have done our duty by her."

Suddenly, however, to their great surprise and terror, their modest young princess began to be the vainest creature in the world. She tossed her head and smiled absurdly. She refused to repeat the words, "I am very plain, and I am thankful for it," which had been printed in an especial catechism made for her own use. She threw down the book and cried:

"I won't tell lies, there now. I'm pretty. I'm as round as can be, and I'm better looking than all of you put together."

All the mirrors in the world could not have made her vainer, and the king and queen sent for the fairy godmother, and bewailed the sad case to her.

"Not a mirror in the house," said the queen. "I've put my bonnets on crooked sixteen years for her sake, and this is the end of it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the old fairy. "I haven't lived five or six hundred centuries to believe that. She's got a looking-glass about her. We must search her."

And the three went to the princess' room, and what they found in her pocket was this: an old-fashioned brass door-knob, which she had polished until it looked like gold. This was her mirror!

Now every one knows that a door-knob is the most ludicrous of all reflectors. In it the most regular nose appears flat, and the most beautiful mouth meets at the back of the head. But the princess was delighted with it.

The poor king and queen could not help laughing, in the midst of their trouble.

"Don't you see how ugly you look?" said the king. "How much reason you have to be thankful that you don't possess the snare of beauty!"

"No, I don't, pa," said the princess. "I think I'm pretty, and others do too; so there. And I shouldn't be thankful if *they* didn't, and *I* wasn't either."

And she put her precious door-knob in her pocket; while the fairy godmother shrugged her shoulders and spread out her hands.

"I told you so," said she. "And I'd like to know what the girl means by *others?*"

The princess would not answer the question.

Now kings of the olden times always kept a fool—a comical creature, sometimes deformed, whose duty it was to speak his mind. This king's fool had a hunched back, a red nose, tow-colored hair, and green eyes. He wore party-colored clothes, and a cap and bells, and was a very comical creature indeed to look at. When he wasn't wanted he lived in a little room in the palace. And between this room and that of the princess was a thick wall. However, the princess was of an inquisitive disposition, and knowing that this wall was one which separated that part of the palace in which she lived from the part she was never allowed to visit, she had bored a hole in it with her crochet needle and scissors, and peeping through, had seen the fool.

Oh, how beautiful he looked to her! She clapped her hands in delight.

"I know now what a young man is," she said, "and it's as stupid to call them all sorts of names as it is to call *me* ugly." And she looked in her door-knob with joy.

Then she called softly, and he answered.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm a young man," said the fool.

"I thought so," said the princess.

"Who are you?" asked the fool.

"I'm a beautiful princess," said the princess.

"Oh, you need only say a princess," said the fool; "all king's daughters are beautiful."

"What fibs they've been telling me!" thought the princess. "I can't tell what has come over me. My heart goes pitapat."

It was Cupid who had shot her through the needle hole in the wall. He had not been kept out sixteen years for nothing. So the princess put a postage stamp over the little hole, and nobody noticed it. And between looking at herself in the door-knob and listening to the words of the fool through the little hole, she grew so dreadfully vain that when she was found missing one morning, it really seemed scarcely worth while to go after her. But the king did his duty as a father.

She had eloped with his fool; and when they were found, they were resting in a very damp meadow, and she was looking in the door-knob and he was saying witty things.

"And what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the king.

"Only this," said the fool. "If you expected that a pretty girl could be kept from meeting with a looking-glass and a lover, you're a bigger fool than I."

The king thought so himself, and he took the pair home and knighted his fool—and it wasn't the first one either. And after that, no doubt, he kept his sharp speeches for his wife. Men generally do. And it is on record that the first long mirror the princess looked into, she took her door-knob from her pocket and tossed it scornfully away.

"Ah, papa," she said to the king, "if you'd only let me peep into that just once while I was a girl, I'd never have married a fool, for I see now that there is hardly a prince on earth any way worthy of me."

THE ILLITERATE ROBBER.

While sitting over our chocolate at Brignon's *café*, the conversation turned upon robbers and robberies in the French metropolis, when one of our number, Jules Lafont, related the following:

A gentleman who had been out late on a very dark night was returning home with a lighted lantern in his hand, and while passing over the Pont Neuf he was accosted by a stranger in a manner so polite and so supplicating that he stopped without hesitation.

"You have a light," said the stranger, "and will perhaps do me the kindness to read for me this bit of paper which I have just picked up. It may be of consequence."

The gentleman held up his lantern and looked first upon the applicant, whom he found to be a strong-built, sinewy man, heavily bearded, and very respectably dressed. Then he took the paper, and, to his amazement, read as follows:

"When you have read this, speak not a word! Speak, and you die! Give to me your watch, your jewels, and your purse! Do this, and then silently depart, and you may live.—Beware!"

Daring robberies had recently been committed in Paris by bold and desperate men, and the gentleman had no doubt that he had met one of the fraternity. He had no weapon of defence with him, and not caring to jeopardize his life, he concluded it most prudent to follow the directions thus silently given, and accordingly he took out his watch and his purse, and removed his rings and his bosom-pin, and delivered them up, at the same time taking another careful survey of the stranger's face, so that he might recognize him should he ever after meet him. Having done this without opposition, he made his way over the bridge as rapidly as possible.

A week, or more, had elapsed, when, one day, as the gentleman was standing upon the *Quai de la Conference*, he observed his robber friend of the Pont Neuf passing near at hand. Keeping the man in sight until he could call in the aid of the police he had him arrested and taken before a magistrate, and upon full representation by the gentleman of all the circumstances, and upon direct accusation of the robbery, he was sent to prison. When the robber was brought to the bar for trial he picked his teeth and stroked his beard very unconcernedly; and in answer to the indictment he pleaded not guilty *most assuredly*. The gentleman, who was the only witness of the fact against the prisoner, swore positively to the robbery, and the identity of the person.

The prisoner made his own defence; and he did it with an ease and assurance to be found only in the most accomplished of his class.

"My lords and gentlemen," he said, "I confess that on the evening specified I did meet this gentleman on the Pont Neuf; and the scene, as he has related it, transpired between us. But, *ciel!* I had no evil thought. It is my misfortune not to be able to read. I had just picked up a bit of paper, and thinking it might be of importance, and seeing that the gentleman had a lighted lantern in his hand, I asked him to read it for me. I would have asked him what he had found, but before I could speak he pulled out his purse and his watch, and thrust them into my hands, and also forced upon me his finger rings and diamond pin. I was astounded. I thought him mad—perhaps he meant to jump from the parapet into the river,—suicide.—Was it the paper had caused this?—Had it been meant for him?—I was upon the point of questioning him when he turned and dashed away, leaving me, for the time, like one stupefied. When I recovered myself the thought flashed upon me that the paper might be of great value,—some state secret, perhaps,—and the stranger, wishing to keep it without question, had given me his valuables to get rid of me. *Ma foi!* I think it is I who have a right to complain. I would like justice for the useless excitement I have suffered."

Not a soul in court but believed the rascal was guilty; but no formal demand upon the gentleman for his money had been proved, and the man who could not read, but who could plead with the grace of a Foquét, was suffered to go free.

S. C., JR.

BLOUNT AND THATCHER.

Among the many happy answers returned to the challenge to mortal combat, we know of none more worthy of remembrance than that made by Judge Thatcher, of Massachusetts, to Hon. Thomas Blount, of North Carolina. It was in 1797, and the gentlemen were members of the National Congress, then in session in Philadelphia. Mr. Blount had introduced a resolution on the subject of "Defensive Measures," in which occurred a phrase to which Mr. Thatcher objected on the ground that it was *French*. He would have the resolution worded in plain "American" language. Mr. Blount denounced the objection as trifling and puerile, and as "one which any *gentleman* ought to be ashamed to make." Mr. Thatcher rejoined that he did not often say anything of which he was ashamed, and closed his remarks by repeating the old adage—"A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

Mr. Blount arose in a passion, and said he "would take from no man, with impunity, such language as that." By stern demand from the chair order was restored in the House; but the affair was not so to end. Mr. Blount sent a challenge, and Judge Thatcher's answer thereto afforded a vast deal of merriment to the members at the expense of the challenger, at the same time quashing the affair beyond the power of mistaken chivalry to revive it. Said the Judge,—

"I am a husband and a father, and my family have an interest in my life which I am not at liberty to overlook. I will consult with my wife as soon as possible, and when I receive her decision you shall have my answer."

C.

SCIENCE.

Astronomers have sometimes seen spots move across the face of the sun much more rapidly than the ordinary solar spots. They are described as round, black, and sharply defined. One was observed in Germany in 1819, one in France in 1859, and one in England in 1862. Mr. J. R. Hind conjectures that this may be an unknown planet which exists at no great distance from the sun, and from these previous observations he has calculated that if it is such a planet, it will be visible on the sun's disc on the 24th of March next. He therefore recommends that it be closely watched for on that day by astronomers in all parts of the world, in order to settle the question whether we have yet "brought into harness" all the inferior planets that exist.

The system of heating buildings by means of hot air is not a modern invention, as generally supposed. It was practised in Germany more than nine centuries ago, as is shown by recent excavations in the ruins of the ancient Kaiserhaus at Goslar, in the Hartz mountains, where the workmen discovered an extensive series of horizontal flues leading from a large central fire-vault. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that it is quite clear what their purpose must have been, as no other means of warming the structure are visible. The kings of Franconia, from the time of Conrad I., in the year 911, lived in this palace.

Captain Richard F. Burton, the African traveller, thinks that the great Lualaba river, discovered by Livingstone, flows westward into the Congo, instead of northward into the Nile. He thinks that an expedition should start from the coast of West Africa early next year, penetrate the Congo regions, and meet the great explorer on his way down the river. "He will traverse a country," says Burton, "where no roads have been opened to strangers, amidst a numerous and warlike population. I was shown a straight sword from the Upper Congo which impressed me strongly as regards the civilization of the inner races."

Russia depends almost wholly upon wood for fuel, and serious anxiety is felt at the rapidity with which the forests are being swept off in some of the provinces. On the banks of the river Volga coal has been searched for in vain; and the price of wood for building and burning has almost doubled since 1865. A quarry has been found, however, in the province of Samara, which yields a combustible mineral containing a large proportion of inflammable gas, and it is proposed to compel the use of this as a substitute for wood, so far as practicable.

The Royal Society of Edinburgh has a committee on bowlders which is engaged in ascertaining the locality and characteristics of every important bowlder in Scotland over twenty tons in weight, with a view to their preservation. It is much to be regretted that the immense Washington bowlder near North Conway, New Hampshire, should have been blasted away as it has been; and some effort of the kind attempted in Scotland seems requisite to prevent the recurrence of similar acts of vandalism in other parts of our country.

The population of the globe is usually estimated at one thousand millions. A new and careful estimate based on the very latest returns has just been published at Gotha by two competent German statisticians, Drs. Wagner and Behm; and they calculate the present number of the earth's inhabitants at thirteen hundred and seventy-seven millions of souls, which is probably the nearest attainable approximation to the truth.

Silver mining in Greece is again talked of. It is said that Pericles built the Parthenon, probably the most costly, as it certainly was the most beautiful building of Athens, out of the profits derived from the silver mines on the promontory of Laurium, near the city. These mines have been reopened; they yield lead containing about ten ounces of silver to the ton.

One of the highest authorities on all subjects connected with dye-stuffs and artificial colors is Professor Chevreul, the French chemist. In a recent paper on the stability of dyes he mentions, that while the blue colors obtained from indigo are permanent, those from Prussian blue will not resist the action of soap, though equally unaffected by light and air.

The preparation of alcohol from sawdust is described by M. Zetterlund, in *Le Moniteur Scientifique Quesneville*. He first boiled the sawdust with hydrochloric acid. This gave him grape sugar. He then allowed the saccharine liquor to ferment, and finally distilled it, obtaining about six gallons of alcohol from nine hundred weight of sawdust.

Father Secchi, the Roman astronomer, writes to the Paris Academy of Sciences that a daylight aurora was visible in Rome on the 15th of August, from ten o'clock until mid-day. It will be remembered that there was an animated controversy among observers, last year, as to whether the aurora was ever seen in the daytime or not.

On Deserta Grande, the smallest of the Madeira islands, is found a large species of spider, known as *Lycosa ingens*, which is capable of making a meal of a lizard three inches long. So says Mr. F. Pollock, in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DE V. (S——, N. Y.) thus complains: "I too am in trouble. After reading your Notices to Correspondents for at least eight years, I find myself suing for your kind advice. My case I shall try and state as briefly as possible. For two years I have kept steady company with Miss A. Last February I 'broke off,' because I imagined and heard many groundless reports, as 'Miss A and De V are engaged,' etc., when indeed we were not, for I had never until then thought of marrying. So seeing that people would talk, I stopped my attentions toward her. About this time I met a Miss B, who was visiting in this city. When she returned home I corresponded with her, and soon after I left here to travel in the West. While away I heard that Miss A was to be married this fall. I also received many interesting letters from Miss B, and soon thought that I loved her. When I returned east, I stopped for several days in her native place, and while there saw much of her—Miss B. I told her of my love, and she just adores me. Arriving in S——, I found that Miss A was not engaged, and my great love for her, which I considered dead, has all returned. She loves me more, if that is possible, than Miss B. I have promised to marry Miss B, and I shall keep my word unless some kind fate intervenes, although I do not love her as dearly as I do Miss A. I cannot marry in three years. What shall I do? Wait for something to happen, or frankly tell Miss B 'not that I love her less, but I love Miss A better?' Please answer, although you may think this nonsense; yet your advice, like Cicero's, is much read and sought after." Cicero, we think, would say, "Thou art unworthy of the name of Roman. Know thyself, young man, before winning the love of young girls who cannot have much penetration, since one gives thee the adoration due only to the gods, and the other does more, if possible. Young man! thine is a case for delay. Let things alone; three years must elapse before any decisive step is to be taken, and kind fortune will probably do something in that time to deliver three not overwise persons from their difficulties. Meantime, young man, make no more protestations to one girl, while honorably bound to marry another." Cicero hath spoken.

INQUIRER (Charleston, S. C.) says: "Having been a constant reader of your valuable and widely circulated paper for the past four years, and having implicit confidence in your sound judgment, I take the liberty to solicit your opinion upon the following subject, through the *Ledger*. I am intimately acquainted with a young lady who is engaged to be married to a Mr. W——. The engagement has been pending for a considerable time—reasons to me unknown. More recently the lady was introduced to a Mr. C——, who, after being in company with the lady, became infatuated with her sweet charms, and determined to win her affections, if possible. I think his efforts have been rewarded by his gaining that which he so much desired. She, it appears, loves the latter as well as the former, but does not wish to break the heart of either. My advice has been solicited. But not feeling sufficiently competent to give advice upon such a subject, I appeal to you for that which has been asked of me. I hope that my solicitation may meet your favorable approval." A woman cannot lawfully marry a man who is one of two equally beloved by her as suitors. She had better disclose the facts to the gentleman to whom she is engaged, and seek to be released. Unfaithfulness to him has, in point of fact, begun, and whatever her future career may be, she is all too likely to suffer in some way for her want of constancy. This is as far as we can see, because it does not appear from your letter that No. 2 is prepared to marry the lady he has won from No. 1, and whom he is likely to distrust on very slender grounds; for what security has he against a No. 3?

H. C. W. (Pittsburg, Pa.) says: "Being a devoted and attached friend of the *Ledger*, I come to you for advice, through your 'Notices to Correspondents,' which, if granted, will be thankfully received. I am a young man eighteen years of age. I was left an orphan at the age of twelve, and since then, up to the present time, have had to get along the best way I could. I have always had a great desire to obtain at least a common English education, but having had a younger brother left entirely dependent upon me, it has been almost impossible for me to make any advancement. I have kept my brother at school for the past three or four years, where he has obtained quite a good common-school education, and now has a situation in the hardware business, where, by the kind assistance of friends, he is enabled to support himself. Now that I have time and can better spare the means, I wish to devote my evenings and other spare time to my personal interests. What I wish to know is this: what course would you advise me to pursue? and do you think, by diligent application to books in the evening, I could accomplish my end? By answering this at your earliest convenience you will greatly oblige." There is no real difficulty in your way. Attend a good evening school, or if there be none accessible to you, engage a competent teacher to give you an hour or more in the evening. You have done well to your brother, and are likely to do well for yourself.

EARLE (New York) says: "Will you please give me the benefit of your advice in this matter? I am nineteen. Three years ago, while spending the summer in the country, I became acquainted with a young gentleman whom I liked very much. When I left for home he requested me to write, and also asked for a picture, promising to send one of his in return. Soon after my arrival home I received a letter from him, which I answered. This was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted about a year. At the end of that period letters from him came few and far between, until at last my letters remained entirely unanswered. Under this slight I became angry, and wrote, requesting either an answer or a return of the letters. To this he replied, stating that he did not wish to give up the correspondence. This letter I answered soon after its receipt, and although eight months have elapsed since, I have not heard from him. Now, Mr. Editor, what would be proper for me to do under these circumstances? Please excuse the length of this epistle, for it is the first one of the kind I have ever written. If you will kindly answer my question you will oblige." Self-respect forbids you to do more than write a peremptory note, requiring the return of your letters, if you think them of any importance, and closing all connection with a man who cannot be believed.

LENA says: "Having been a constant reader of your valuable paper for five years, I now wish your advice upon a certain subject that has been troubling me for some time. I have for nearly a year been receiving the apparently serious attentions of a young gentleman of excellent standing. About three months ago he suddenly ceased his visits. His reasons for such treatment I do not know. I love him better than life, but still I am too independent to make any advances to win him back. We are constantly being thrown together in society, which of course is very trying to both. Please tell me what to do in this case, to win him back without making him think less of me. I have sufficient reason to believe he once cared something for me, but since this coolness, I scarcely know what to think. Please advise me." We advise you just to "do" nothing. You cannot go and fling yourself at his feet in the way male lovers are supposed to act, though they never do, and exclaim, "Lord of my wounded heart, come back! Oh, return to thy sorrowing, broken-hearted Lena!" If he is anything worth, he will come back, unless he has found good reason for withdrawing; and if he has, nothing would be gained by your going on your knees to him, metaphorically.

A LEDGER READER (Boston, Mass.) says: "I have heard lightning-rod salesmen explain the science and nature of electricity, as they term it. Now what course shall I pursue, to understand it as well as they do, or pretend to? By answering the above in your 'Notices to Correspondents,' you will oblige. It may never be of any particular benefit to me, but I have a great desire to know all about it." We give it up. We have no means of knowing their real knowledge. Whenever you want real knowledge on the subject, take a walk out to Cambridge, inquire for the professor in Harvard who has electricity in his department, tell him that being a Boston man, you despise shams and pretences, and ask him to direct you to the best work on electricity, and then set yourself to master it, which, being a Boston man, you will readily do; you will then find yourself equal to the smartest of the salesmen, and may even whip them with their own rod.

W. H. D. (St. Louis, Mo.) says: "Please inform me as to whose translation of Danté is considered the most perfect; also if 'The Vision of Danté' and 'Danté's Inferno' are the same; also where copies of the same may be had." The question of the best translation of Danté is hardly settled. You will find Cary's good and accessible. He was (Cary) assistant librarian in the British Museum and a clergyman, and his translation received the high approbation of Coleridge. Danté called his poem *The Commedia*, having regard to its simple style; admiring posterity prefixed "divine." Mr. Cary, finding in some editions the title "The Vision," and thinking it more in harmony with English modes of speech, adopted it. The poem contains three parts, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. "The Inferno" is only another name for the first. Boyd, Wright, Cayley, Carlyle and Pollock have also translated Danté into English.

R. T. C. (Providence, R. I.) says: "I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for four years, and have been much interested in your answers to correspondents. I would be much pleased if you would answer the following questions: Where can I obtain a correct history of the Council of Nice? Did Constantine, Emperor of Rome, decide by his vote that the Bible should be called the word of God, and Jesus Christ the Son of God? Your decision will end a controversy, and oblige a sincere friend and admirer of your paper." Of course any good church history—like Mosheim's—will give you the history of the Nicene Council. The particular point regarding which you desire information is discussed in the "History of Christian Doctrine," by Dr. W. G. F. Shedd, Vol. I., Book III., published by Scribner, New York.

M. J. J. & CO. (New York) say: "A weekly reader of yours would be much obliged if you would give your opinion on the following question, through your correspondents' column. Has a foreigner the right to commence and carry on a business in the city of New York, say in the way of selling commodities not of his own manufacture?" There is no difficulty in the way of a non-citizen trading. His difficulties begin when he desires to convey real estate.

W. E. T. (Louisville) says: "The dispatches from Boston to-day contain this paragraph: 'The *Journal* gives a full list of individual losses, and estimates the total at considerably over one hundred million.' Several young men in this city are desirous of knowing whether you think million or millions should have been used." Like most of the business men of America, we go for "millions."

CURIOSITY (New York) inquires: "Would you please inform me through your correspondents' column whether A. T. Stewart was confirmed by the Senate of the United States for the office of Secretary of the Treasury, when appointed by President Grant in 1869? By so doing you will greatly oblige." We believe not.

IDA MAY (Dubuque.)—The name San Joaquin is pronounced *San Ho-ah-keen*, when one wants to be precise. It is generally pronounced *San Whah-keen*, and this is frequently still further reduced to San *Wah-keen*. In every case the accent is on the last syllable.

T. M. (Manchester, Va.) says: "I have crossed the Atlantic ocean twice, and each time I was treated more like a beast than a human being, because I was not a cabin passenger, or did not pay twice for a steerage passage, as some poor people have to do, or suffer the greatest insults and abuses. I often said to myself, when observing the treatment that the cabin passengers received from their waiters, 'Oh, why is this distinction of human beings! for a poor man has his feelings of right and wrong as well as the rich man!' I do not mean to say that a steerage passenger is entitled to all the comforts that a cabin passenger is entitled to, but I do mean to say that he has a right to be treated with as much civility as a wealthy man. Steerage passengers do not get what their contract with the ship-owners entitles them to, and what they do get is dealt out to them as if they were so many paupers or convicts. For instance, at meal times they are deprived of their proper allowance of food; and oh, how these waiters attend their tables, which are situated, I might say, in a place not fit for a dog kennel. If a man asks for fresh bread instead of biscuit for breakfast, and insists on having it, he is told to go to the barrels and get biscuit, and if not, to hold his tongue, or he will get none at all. What I am anxious to know is, if the companies of such steamers could be punished by the laws of the United States for not fulfilling their agreement." Yes, they could be punished, if the violation of their agreement could be proved. But there is the difficulty. Who will take the trouble to prove the violation of the contract? You say that you were wronged, and treated more like a beast than a human being, each time you crossed the Atlantic. Will you take the trouble to prosecute the company in whose vessels you sailed? It would probably take two years to bring them to trial, and of course you could not afford the time. So it is in every case, and hence the impunity with which such wrongs are perpetrated.

DEXTER (not THE Dexter) is anxious on the following points: "Please inform me through your most valuable paper whether it is necessary or not for anybody getting married to have any friends or parties as witnesses. 2d. How much do you think ought to be given to the minister as a marriage fee? By answering the above, you will greatly oblige." There must be two witnesses to a marriage. It is of no importance who they are—your friends or members of the minister's family. 2d. In order to enable us to reply to your second query, we ought to know your means, social standing, expectations, and the fortune of the lady; also whether the marriage is to be "in church," or in the minister's parlor. We mention this last element, because when in church, organist and sexton have to be paid, and can talk, and the minister will not, and so the fee that should and would have been his, is diffused over three, and so the over-estimated income of ministers from this source is being cut down. You are also to take into account what other relations the minister has sustained to you. He may have preached long to you; for example, ever since he baptized you; may have soothed the departure of previous partners of your life; may have given you much-needed good advice, and never had any outward and visible sign of your inward and real gratitude. Now is your time to show it. We cannot go nearer the mark than by laying down these "general principles," unless we saw your bank book. There are so few ministers over-rich, the chances are against your erring by excess.

SYNN (Missouri) says: "There are two young ladies about the same age. One is what is termed a would-be flirt, and is anxious to receive the attentions of just as many gentlemen as possible. Her father is wealthy. She dresses in the height of the fashion, and is admired by a great many, her disposition being pleasant, and she being willing to talk to as many as may come to see her; but she is not smart, and never seems to care about reading, or anything else than looking nice and pretty. The other lady is not so pretty, but has a pleasant countenance, is intelligent, and tries to live and learn, and does not seem to care for more than one person's attentions at a time. She is pleasant, and talks enough, though none too much. Her parents are not wealthy, consequently she does not dress so finely. Now, which of these would be the best suited to one who is depending on picking up some little cash with his wife? With the first one a person could get ten thousand dollars; with the latter nothing." There is no sense in your question as you ask it. It amounts to simply this: To a man who wishes to pick up money, which is preferable, ten thousand dollars, or nothing? Probably you meant to ask which young lady you had better marry; but if you cannot pop a question to one of them more intelligently than you have put this to us, we do not believe either of them will have you.

G. G. (Baltimore) writes: "I am twenty years old, and have been waiting on a young lady for two years, who is two years younger than myself. All this time there have been no words of love exchanged between us; but from the first time I saw her, I felt as if I should always love her, and think to-day that I was not mistaken. It was very hard work for me at first to keep company with her, but I succeeded, after a number of trials, in getting her consent, and now I think she would rather dislike to have me stop. But what I want to ask you is this: She is going away to school in the spring, for a year certainly, if not longer. Don't you think before she goes I had better tell her just how I feel, and ask her if when she gets back we both feel so inclined, to renew our acquaintance? Her folks think that she is too young now to receive the attention of any one, but do not care if I escort her home evenings whenever we meet. I do not feel as though I could give her up. Please tell me what to do, for I know you will advise me right. I have a good position, and by another year will get good pay, which will increase every year." You seem to be getting on very well, with a good prospect before you. Certainly you might as well tell the young lady—what she already knows, undoubtedly.

ZETA (Baltimore) writes: "About three years ago I made the acquaintance of a young lady of this place, and was in her company for about one month. She then went away, and I saw no more of her for about one year. I then saw her in the company of a young man. I would have spoken, but she turned away her head, and on looking back I saw she was doing the same thing. Since then she has done the same thing a number of times. Last Sunday I was going by her house, on the other side of the street, when she called me by name. I turned around, and she had closed the shutters. I have noticed that the young man does not go with her so frequently as before, but the cause I do not know. Now what do you think of the case?" It seems that whichever way the young lady turns her head it turns your head all the same. After the lady had called you by name, we do not see that it amounted to anything for her to close the shutters. She probably supposed that if you came in you would come by the door, and not through the window. You might as well pay her a visit, and ask her if she would be willing to be called by the same name as she called you—with a Mrs. before it.

JUANITA says: "I wish to ask your advice on an important subject. I am eighteen years old, and am engaged to a young man who loves me devotedly. Since I have become engaged, I have met another young man whom I find I love equally as well as the one I am engaged to, and who also loves me. I know it is wrong to encourage both, but sometimes I think I love the one I am engaged to, and again at times I think I love the other better. Now please tell me what is right and proper for me to do, as my future happiness is greatly involved. Please answer as soon as possible." As a general rule, it is not wise to become engaged at so early an age. You are paying the penalty of deciding that you knew another well enough to commit your life to him, before you knew yourself. If you can disentangle yourself from your engagement, you will do well to remain as you are for three years, by which time, it may be hoped, you will have reached a decision on which you can yourself rely.

JEFFERSON (Chattanooga, Tenn.) says: "I have been for over seven years a constant reader of your invaluable paper, and have never yet asked you a question. I hope you will answer this one. When and where was Edward Everett born, and when and where did he die? By answering, you will greatly oblige." Edward Everett, who was one of the most versatile, accomplished, and industrious scholars ever America produced, was born in 1794, in Dorchester, near Boston, entered Harvard at eighteen, and graduated in 1811. He died January 15, 1865. Mr. Everett is known to our readers not only by his splendid general services to the public, but by his Mount Vernon papers, running over a year, 1859, and by his subsequent articles contributed to this paper, for which he continued to write regularly, up to the close of his life.

A NORMAL SCHOOL-GIRL (Boston) says: "I have the greatest propensity for teasing young men and flirting; I often neglect my lessons for the purpose of indulging in this kind of sport. My sister tells me it is wrong, but I do not see any harm in it. Now, what I wish to know is, do *you* think it wrong?" You had better not neglect your lessons, and your flirting is very likely to have a bitter ending some day. You will find that you have become deeply interested in some young man whom you thought yourself only "teasing," while he, in fact, was only flirting with you. This is the sharp lesson you are probably destined to learn, however you may neglect all others.

DULUTH writes: "About one year ago I got acquainted with a young man. He has visited me constantly and often, and sent me flowers and books. We were to be married this next Christmas; but a few days ago I was introduced to a young lady just arrived in town. She says she has been engaged to this same gentleman for more than a year, and has been corresponding with him all this time, she being ignorant of the fact of his going with another. Now, what am I to do?" Confront the young man with the information you have received and the young lady. You may be misinformed. If you are not, you certainly don't want such a husband, and whoever gets him will get a bad one.

F. AND H. write: "One evening we called at a neighbor's house, and there met a young gentleman with whom we were intimately acquainted. He asked for our company home. We accepted, but had gone but a short distance when we met our own beaux, with whom we were keeping company. Was it proper for us to go home with them, or with the one we first accepted?" It would have been proper and polite for you to have continued your walk home in company with all three.

E. T. says: "I am in love with a young lady. She has fallen in love with another, but says I still have a share in her affections. I asked her to become my wife. She replied, 'It is raining now; wait till there is pleasant weather.'" Tell her the love of a woman is something which does not admit of partnership. As to its raining, tell her if it keeps on it may rain husbands, but you will not be among them. Then quit, and try your luck elsewhere.

MILLINER inquires: "Is it improper for a lady to ask a gentleman friend to give her a Christmas present, if she is not engaged to him?" It would be indelicate, even if she were engaged.

C. H. L. (Providence) says: "I am desirous of knowing which the *great* Patti is. Whether it is Adelina or Carlotta?" Adelina.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*